



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS

SM
★
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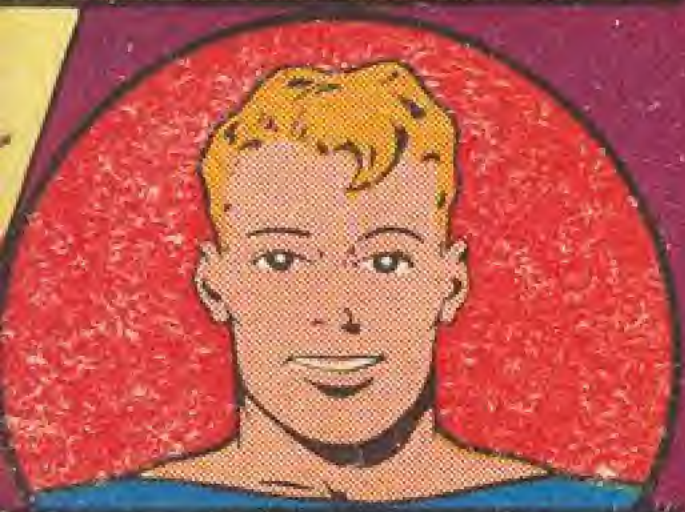


SEPTEMBER
No. 114

The **DOLL MAN**
meets
TOM THUMB,
a menace his own
size!



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



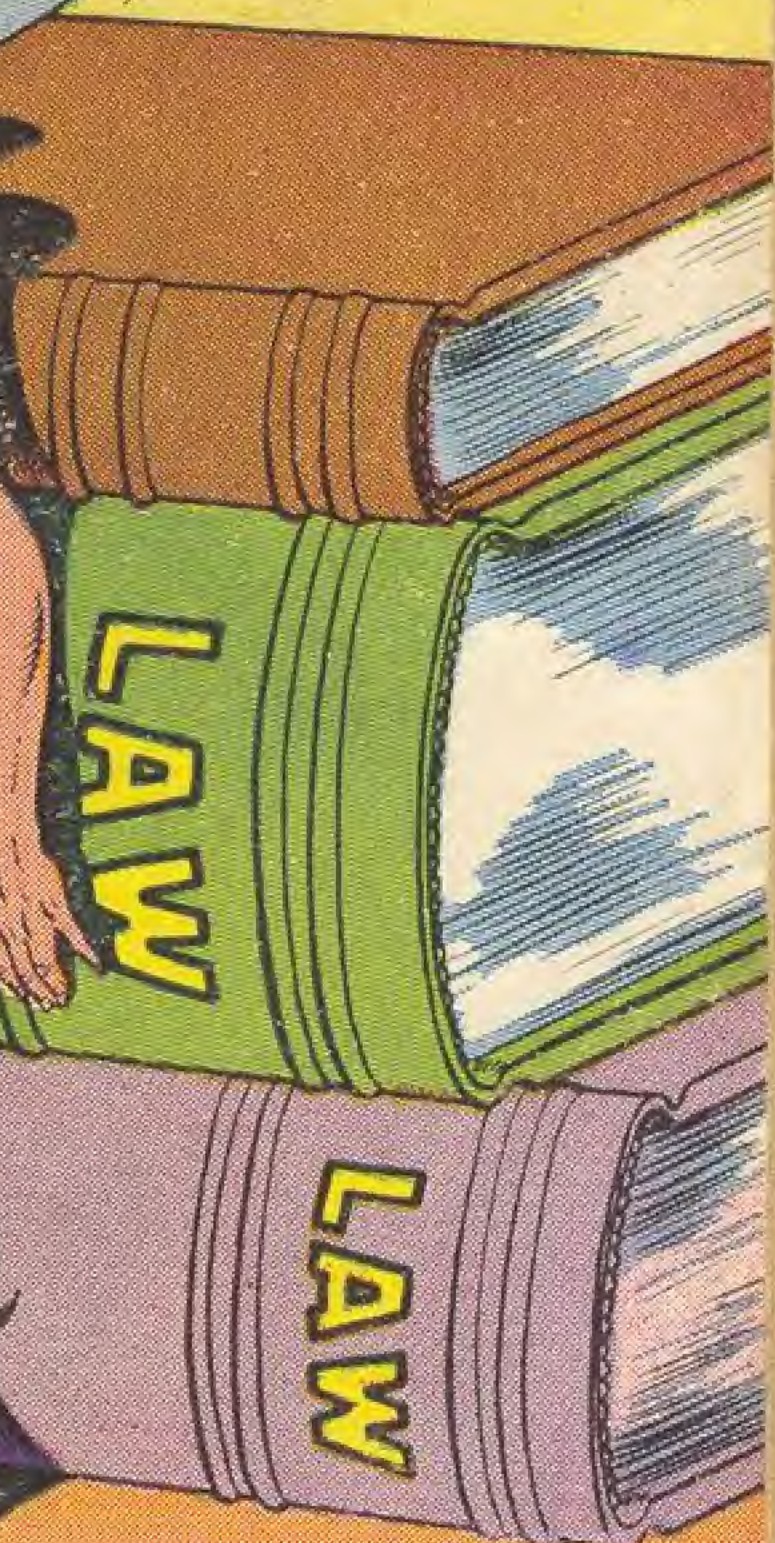
PERKY



BLIMPY



10¢





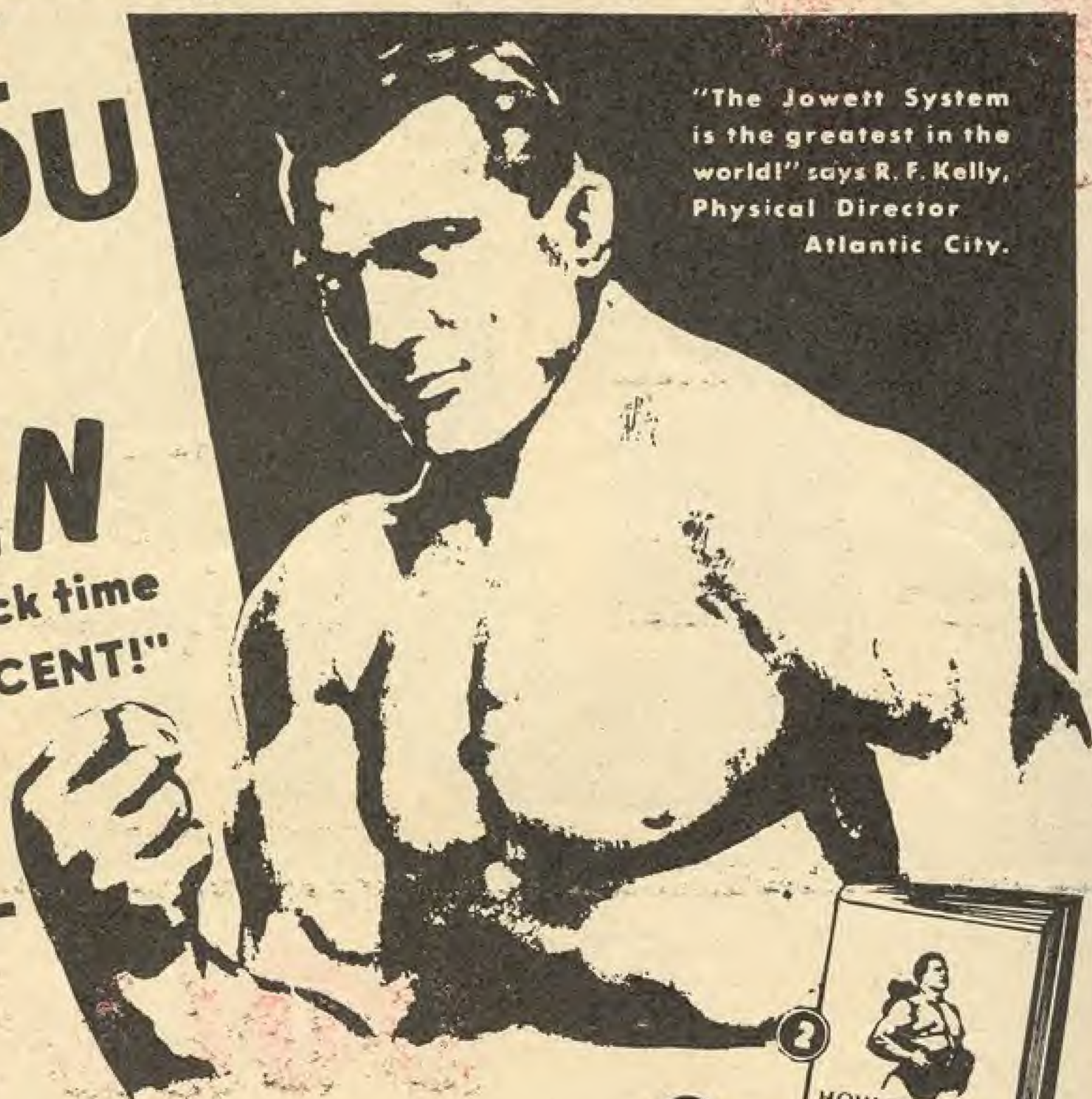
WEB COMIC
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WANTED! *Skinny Weaklings* to become **HE-MEN**

Let me **PROVE**
I can make **YOU**
TOUGH AS
TARZAN

inside and out... in double quick time
—OR IT WON'T COST YOU A CENT!

says *George F. Jowett*
WORLD'S GREATEST BODY BUILDER



"The Jowett System
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I'll teach you the "Progressive Power Method" through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! "Progressive Power" has proven its ability to build the strongest, hand-somest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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This amazing book has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men of might and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to might and muscle. Send for this FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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**BUILD A BODY
YOU'LL BE PROUD OF**

**Send for These
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At last, Jowett's world-famous muscle-building courses, are available in book form to all readers of this publication at an extremely low price of 25 cents each! All 5 for only \$1.00. You owe it to your country, to your family, and to yourself, to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle-building!

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Think of it—all five of these famous course-books for only ONE DOLLAR—or any one of them for 25c. If you're not delighted with these famous muscle-building books—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send them back and your money will be promptly refunded!

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Champion of Champions

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George F. Jowett—Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with courses checked below:

- | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> All 5 Picture Courses complete for which I enclose \$1.00 in full payment | <input type="checkbox"/> Molding a Mighty Chest, 25c |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Send all 5 C.O.D. (\$1.00 plus post.) no orders less than \$1. sent C.O.D. | |

NAME

AGE

(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY. INCLUDE ZONE NUMBER)

ADDRESS

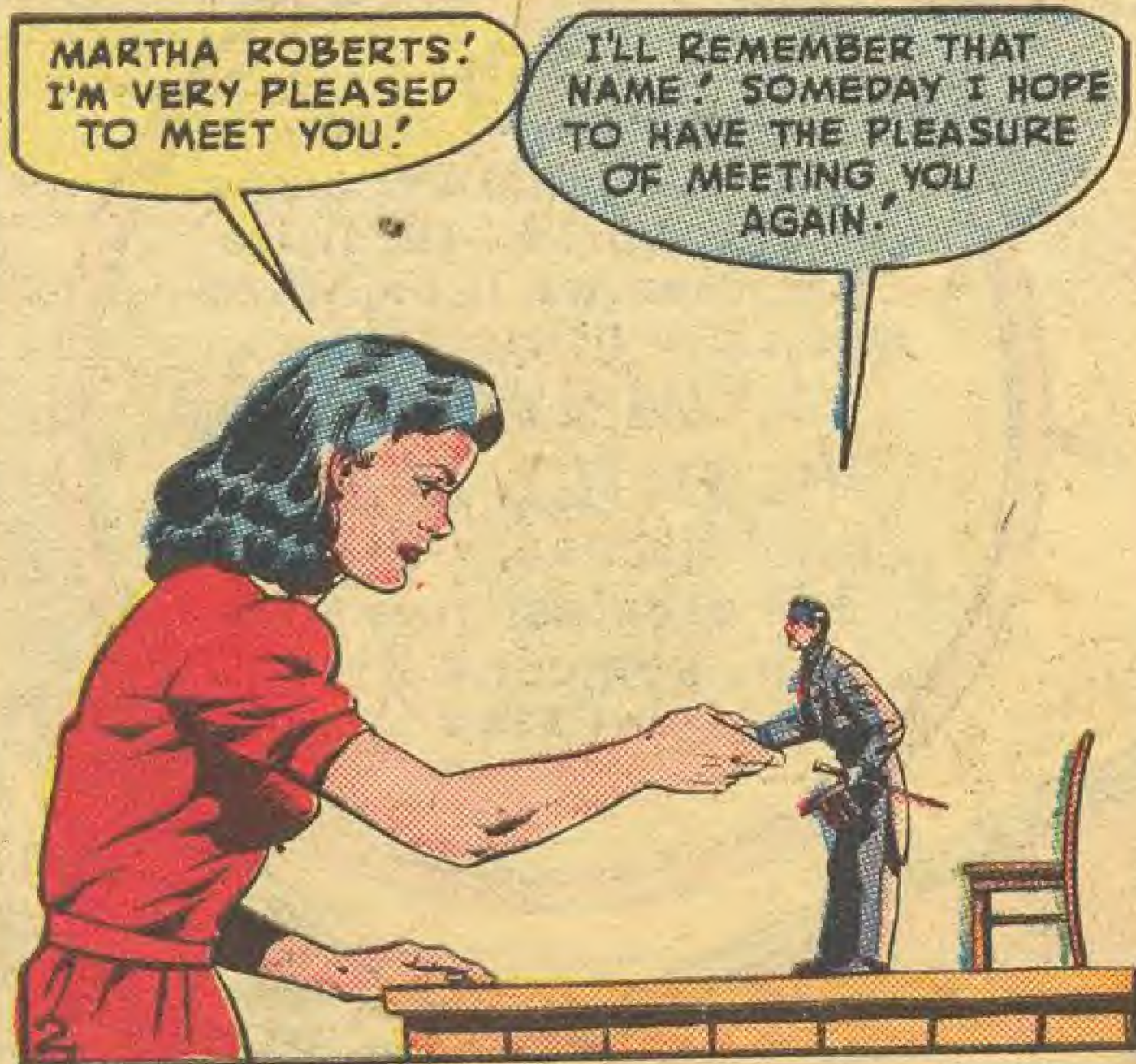
The DOLL MAN



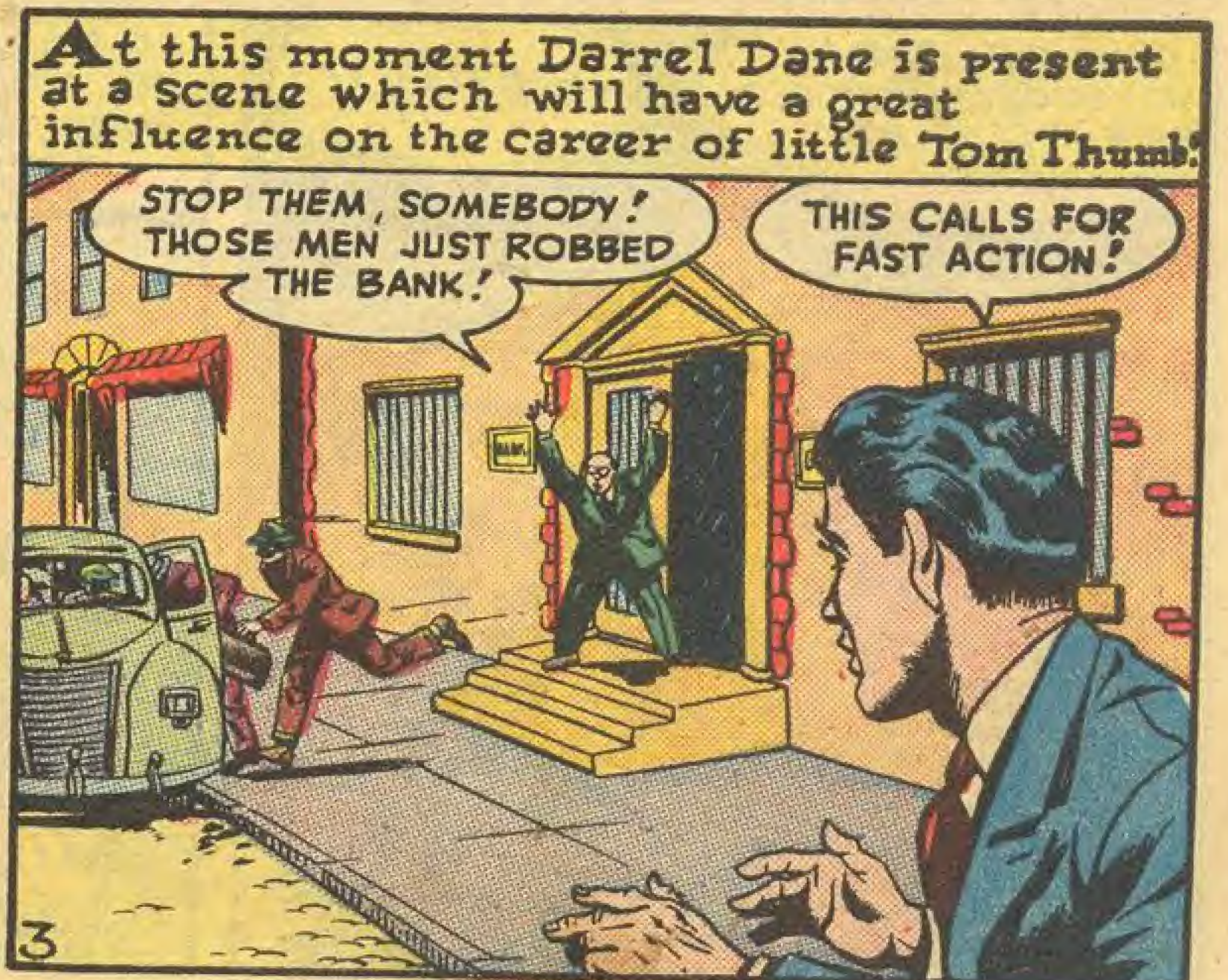
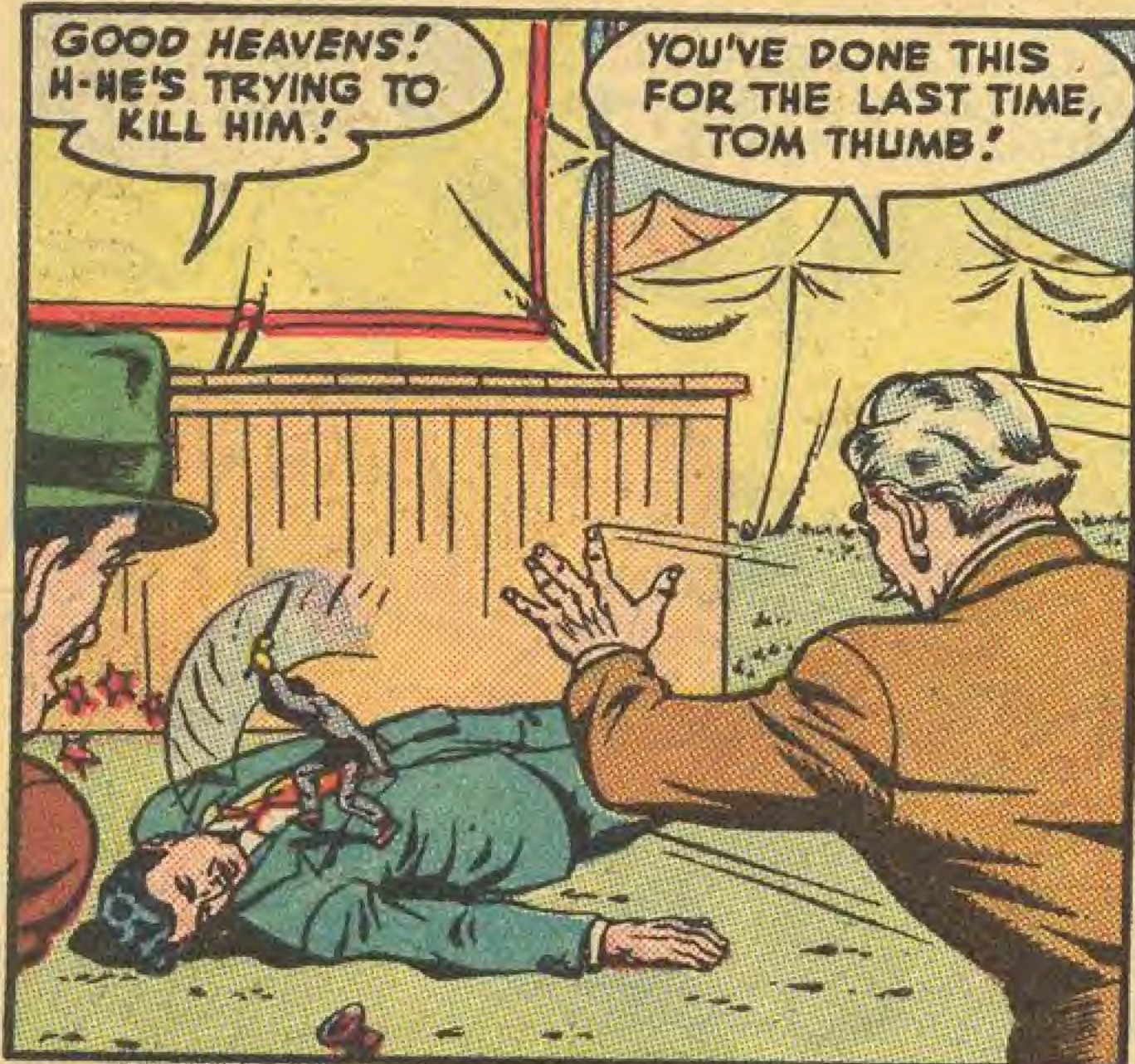
Step up and meet
the two smallest men
in the world...the little
character with big ideas
who calls himself

TOM THUMB and
The DOLL MAN,
who discovers one of
his greatest menaces
in someone his
own size!

FEATURE COMICS

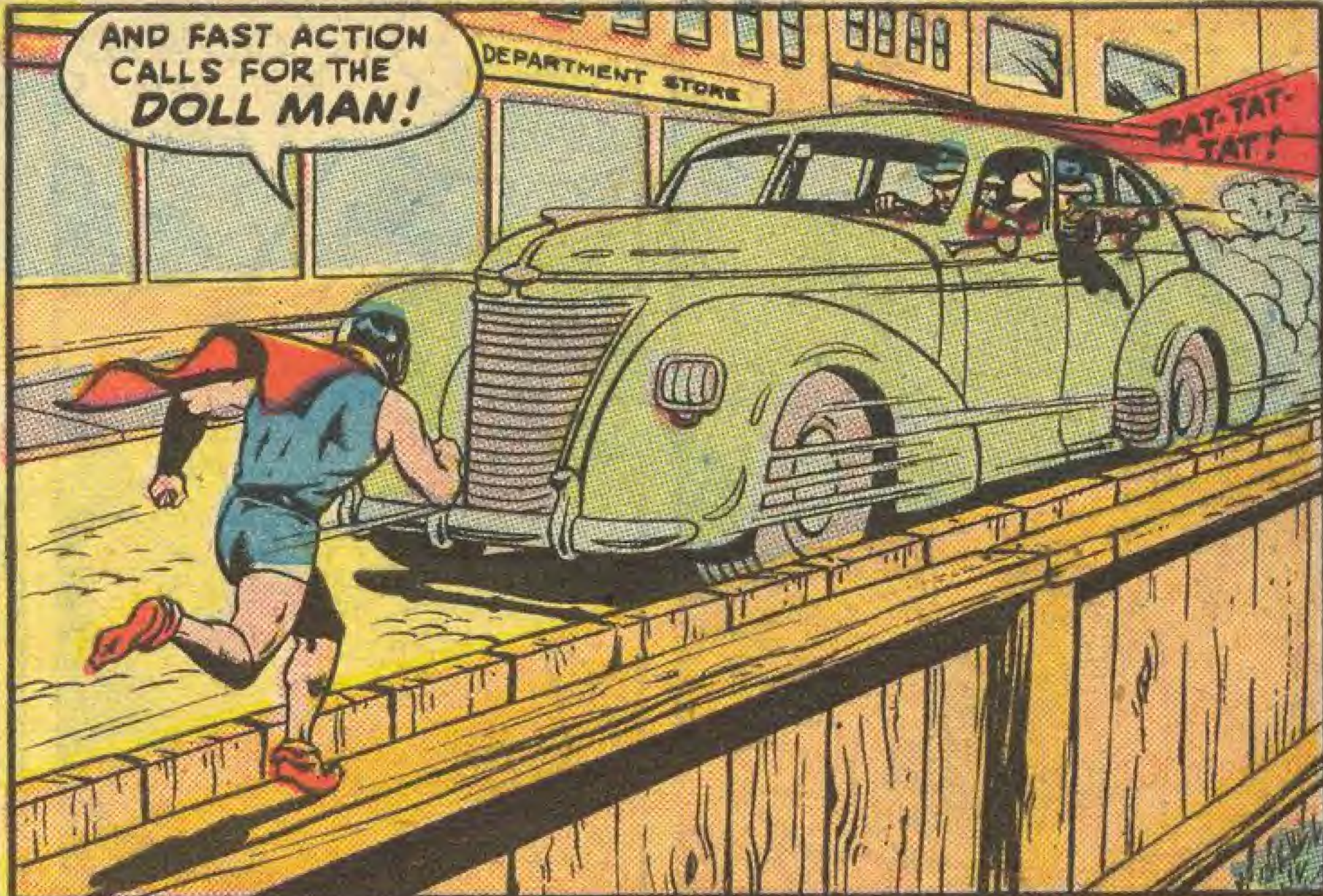


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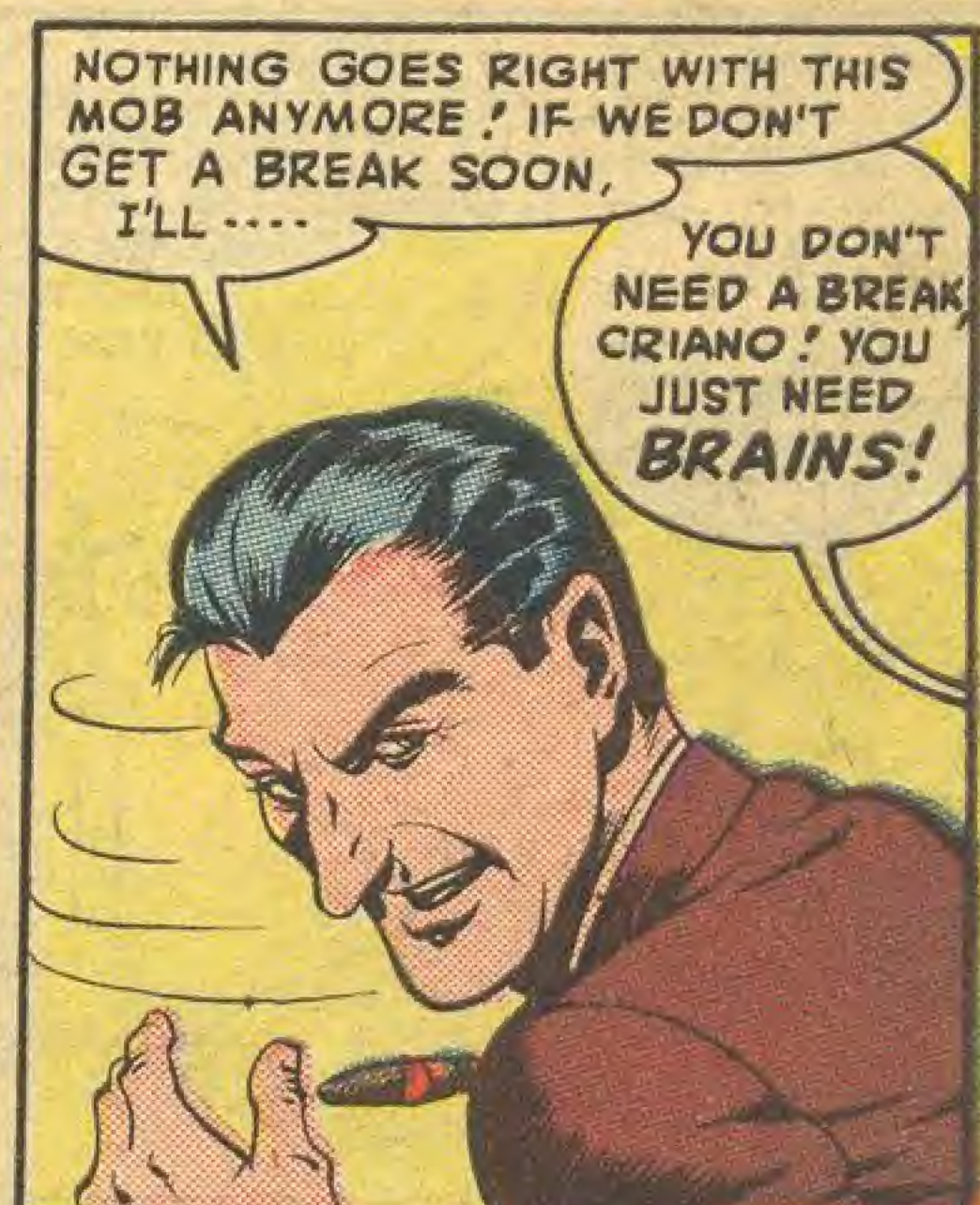
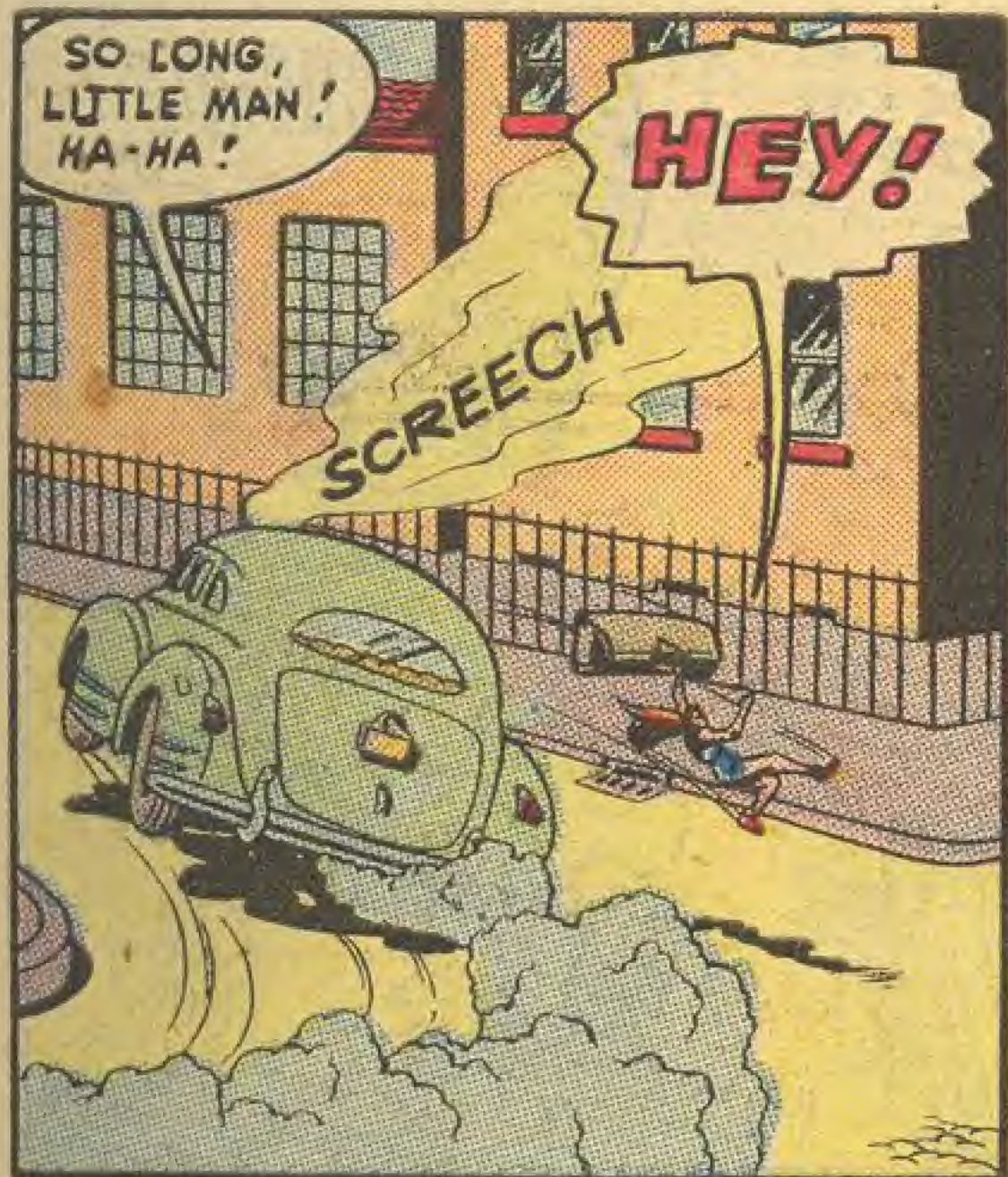


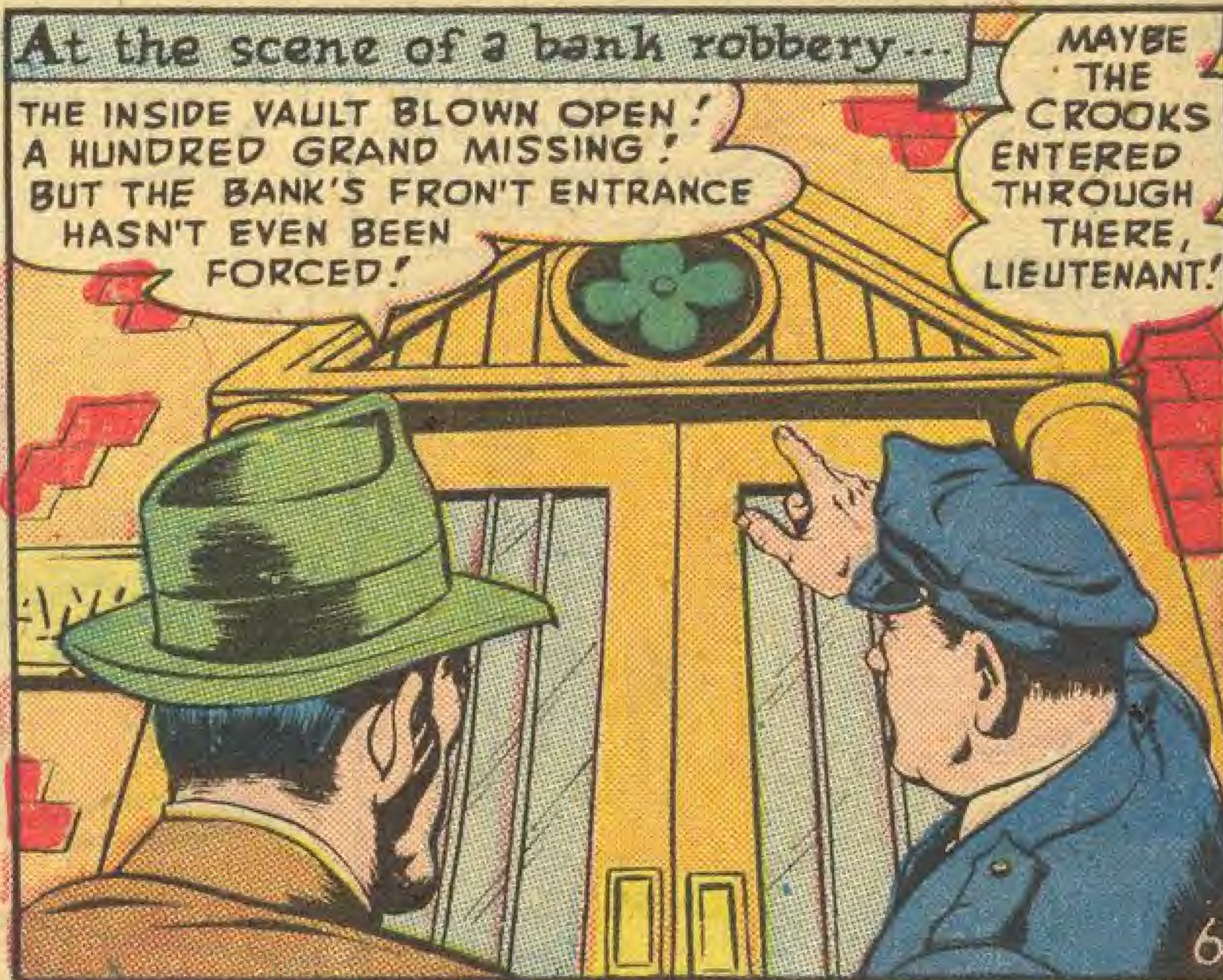
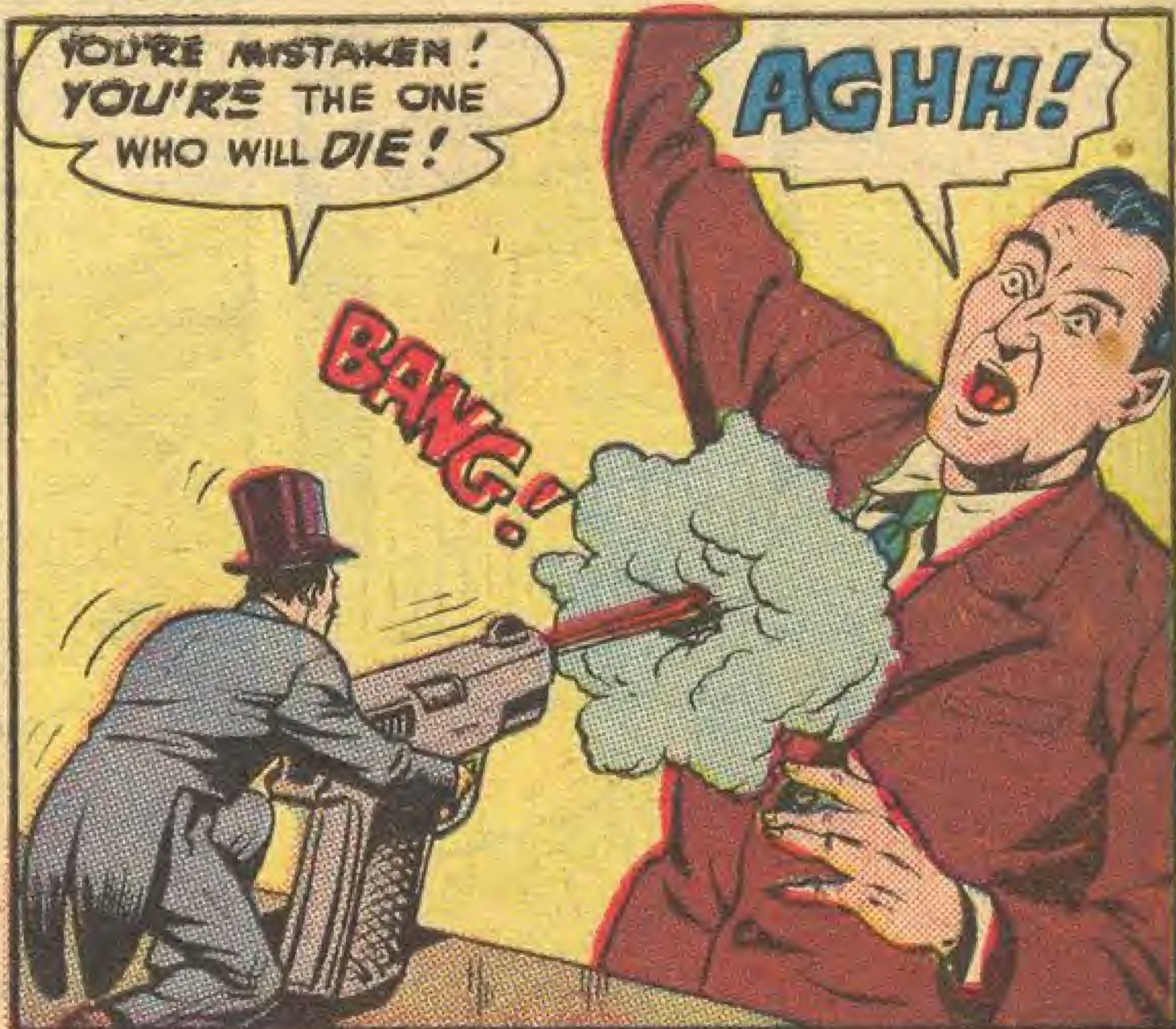
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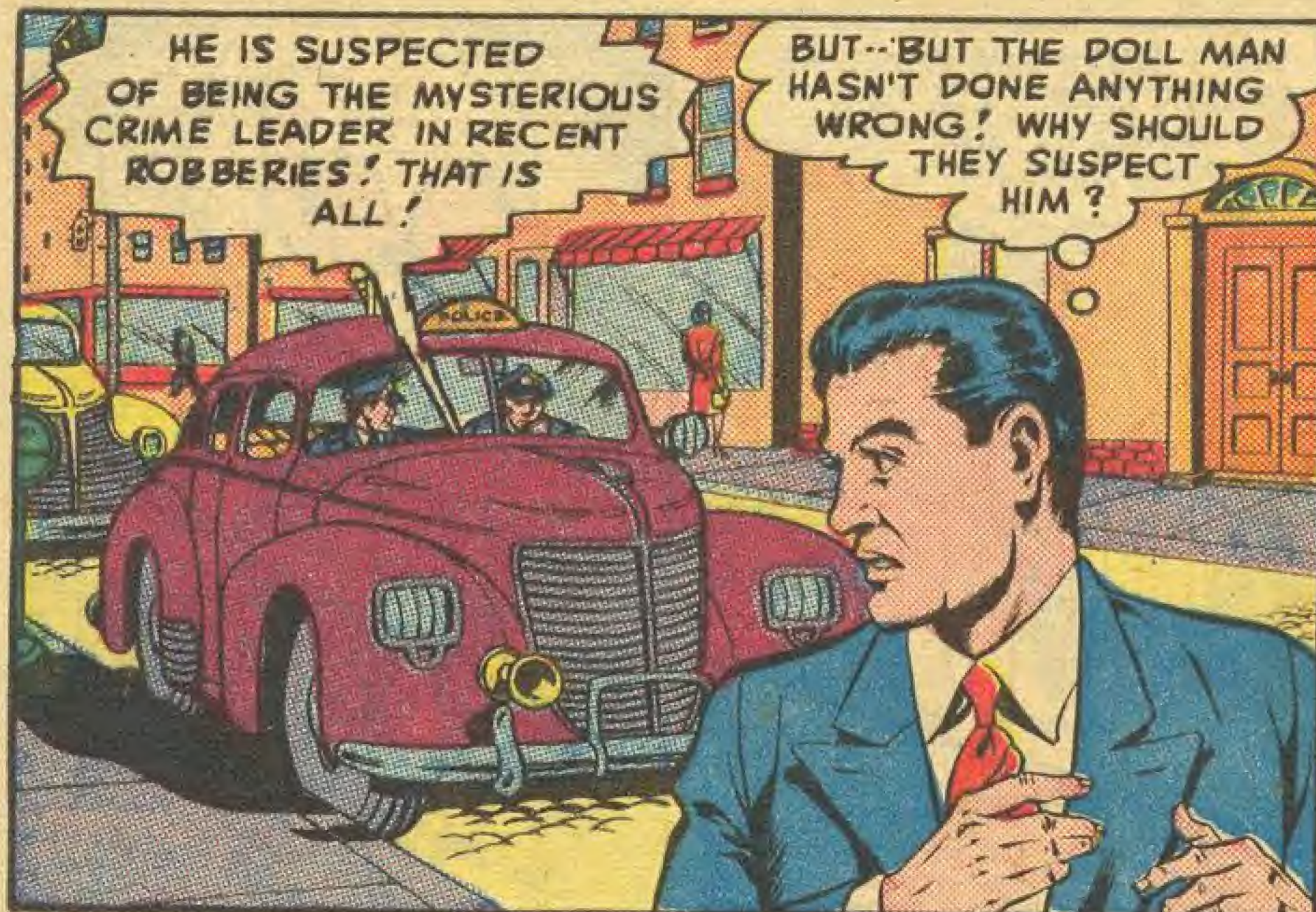
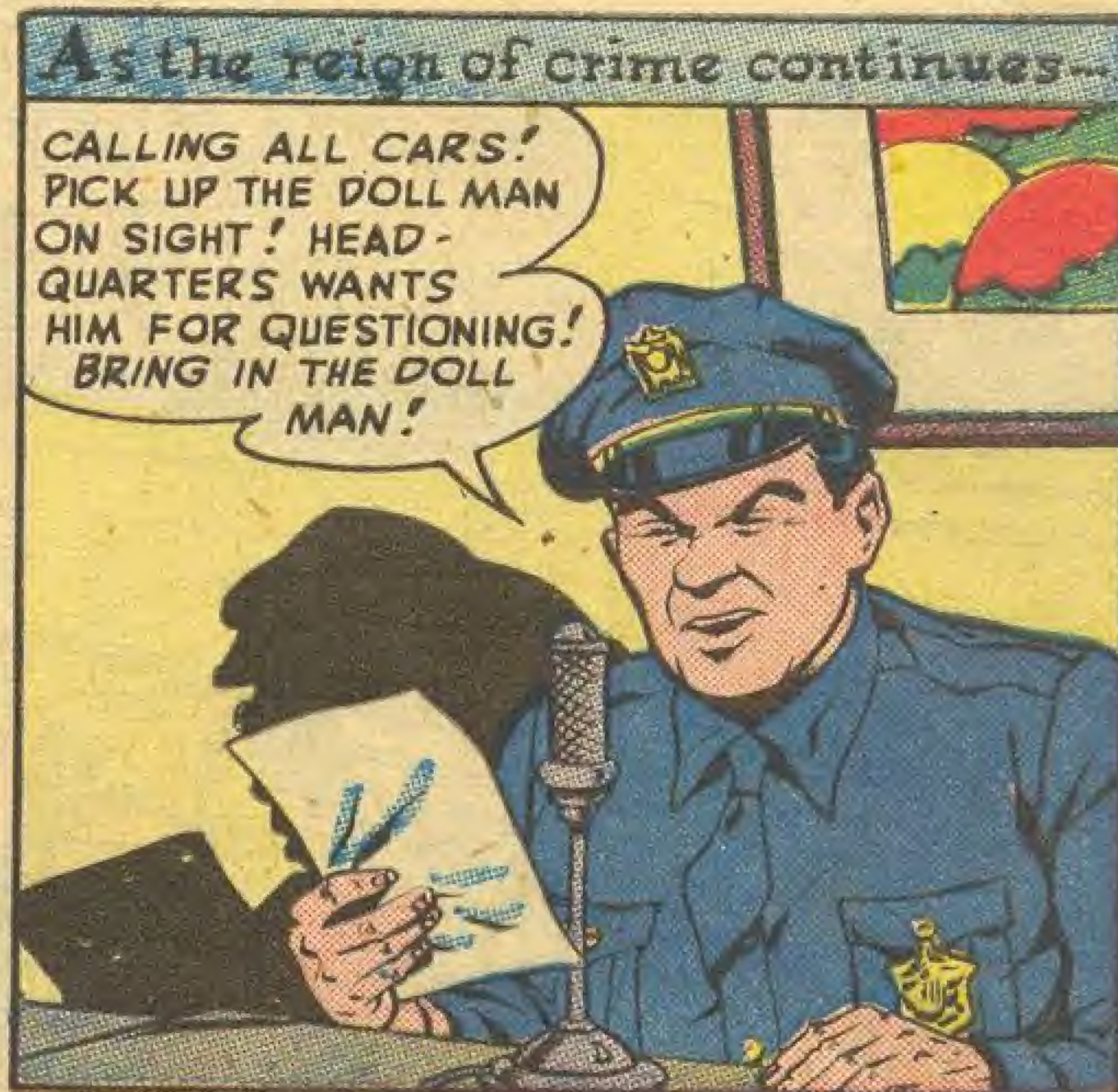
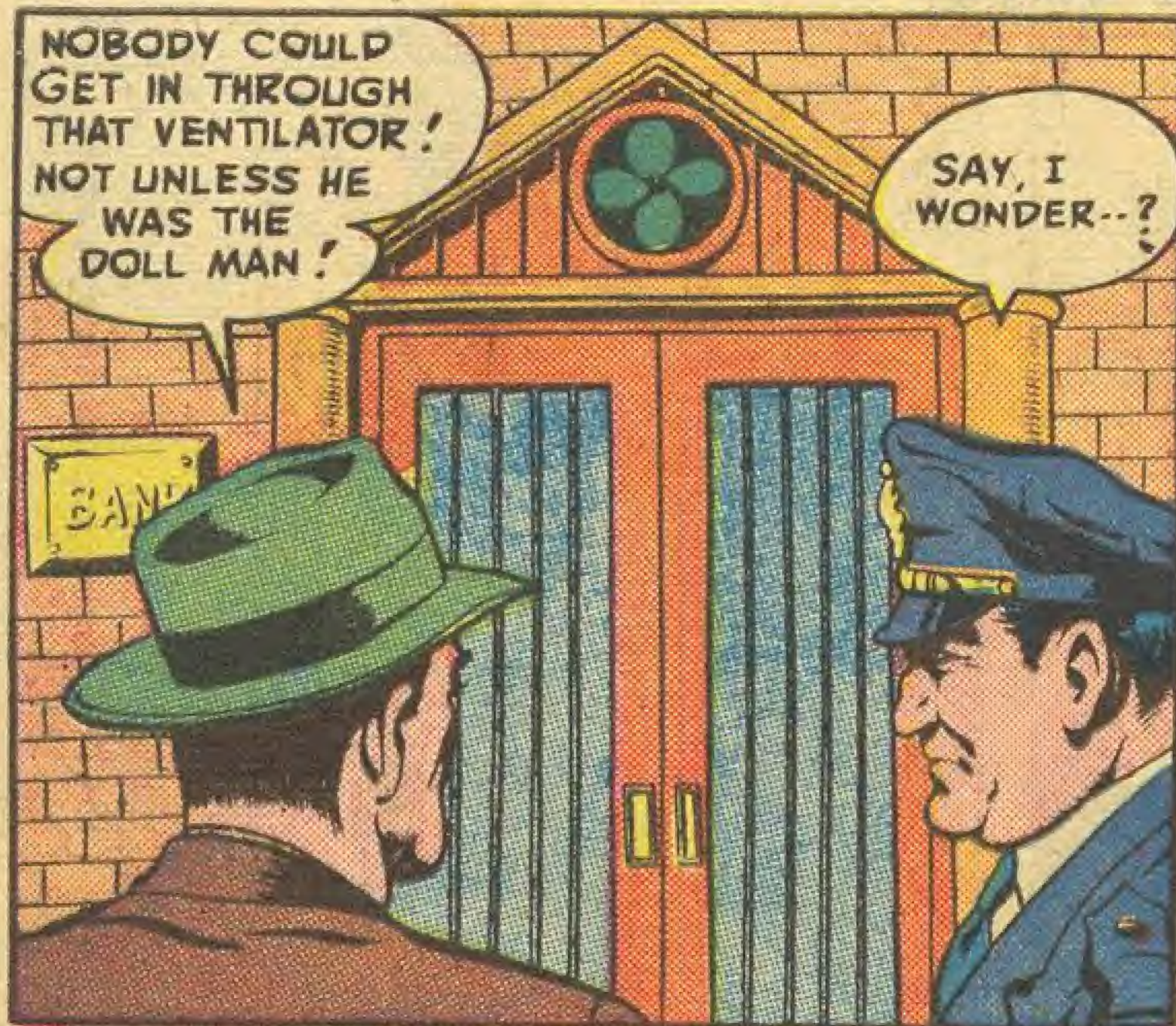
Darrel Dane possesses the unique ability of condensing the molecules of his body to form the dynamic **DOLL MAN!**



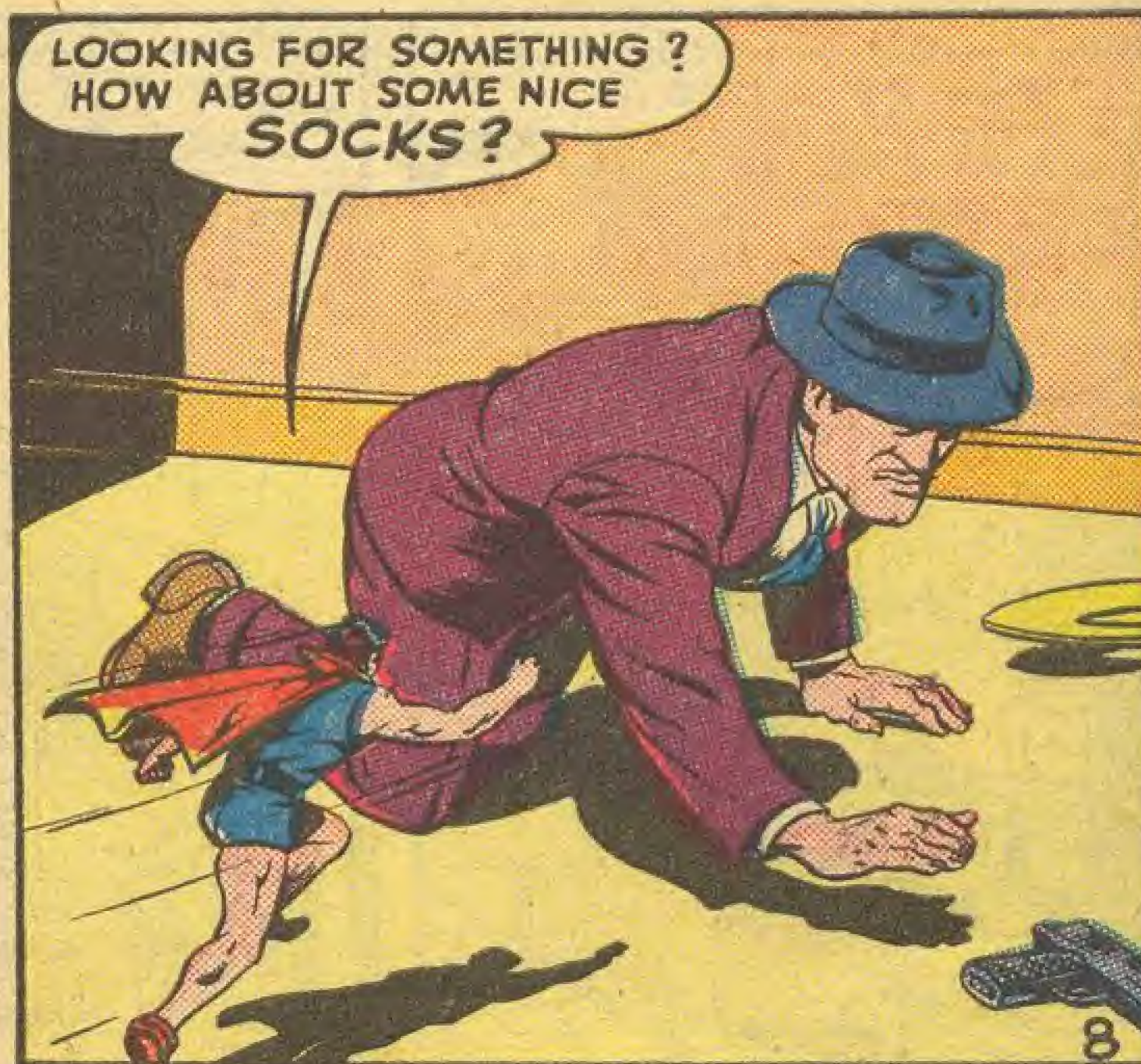
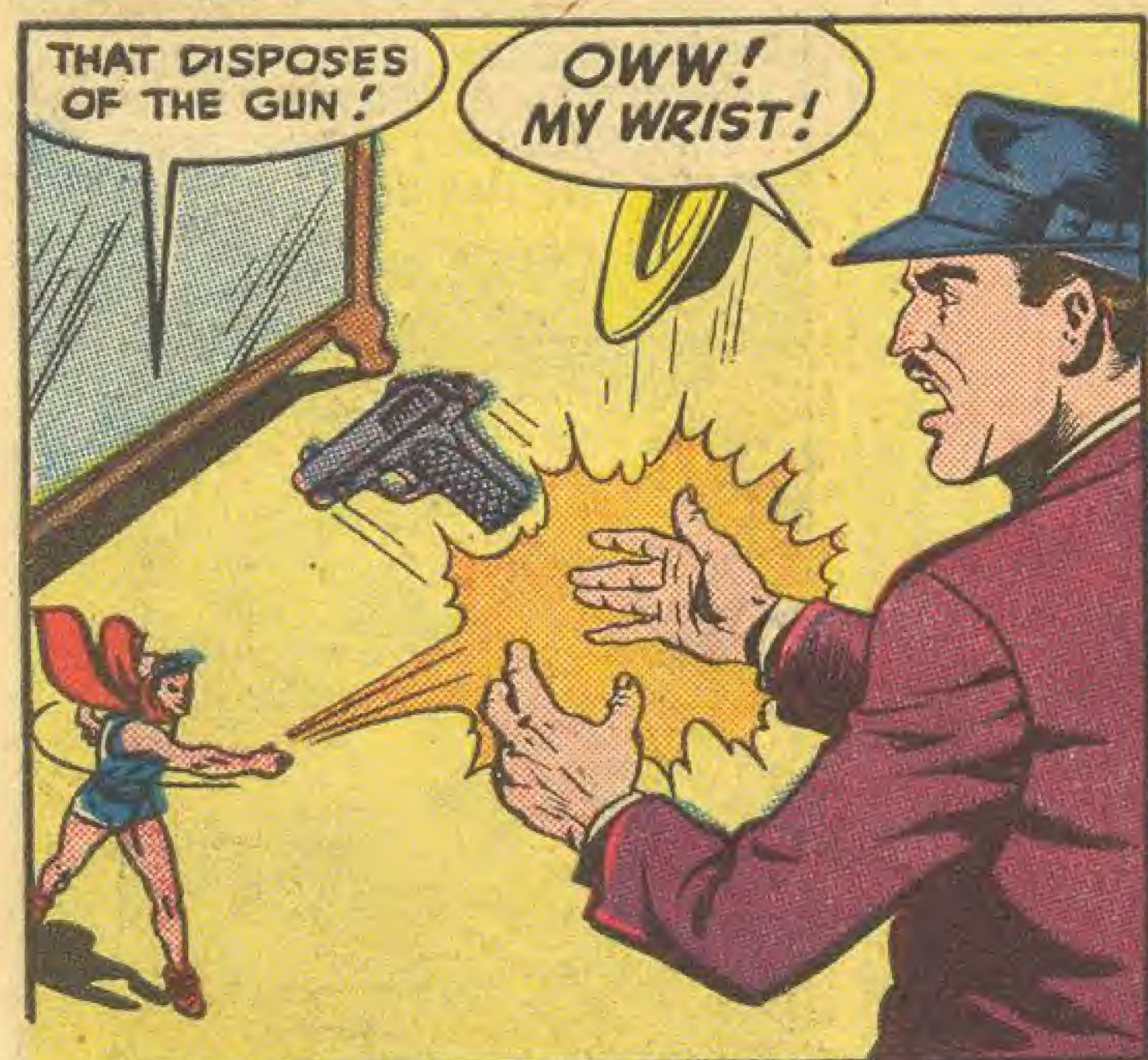
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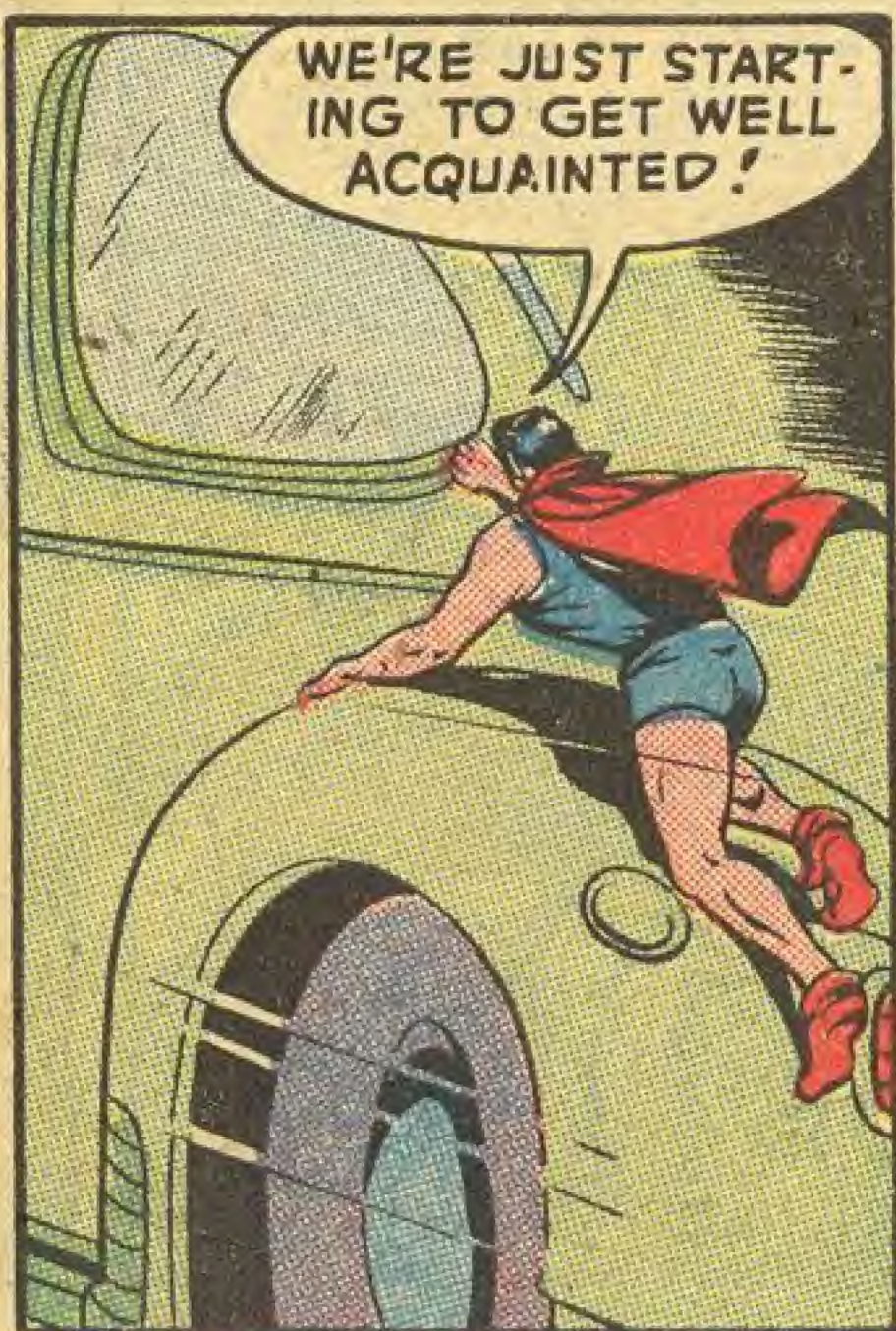
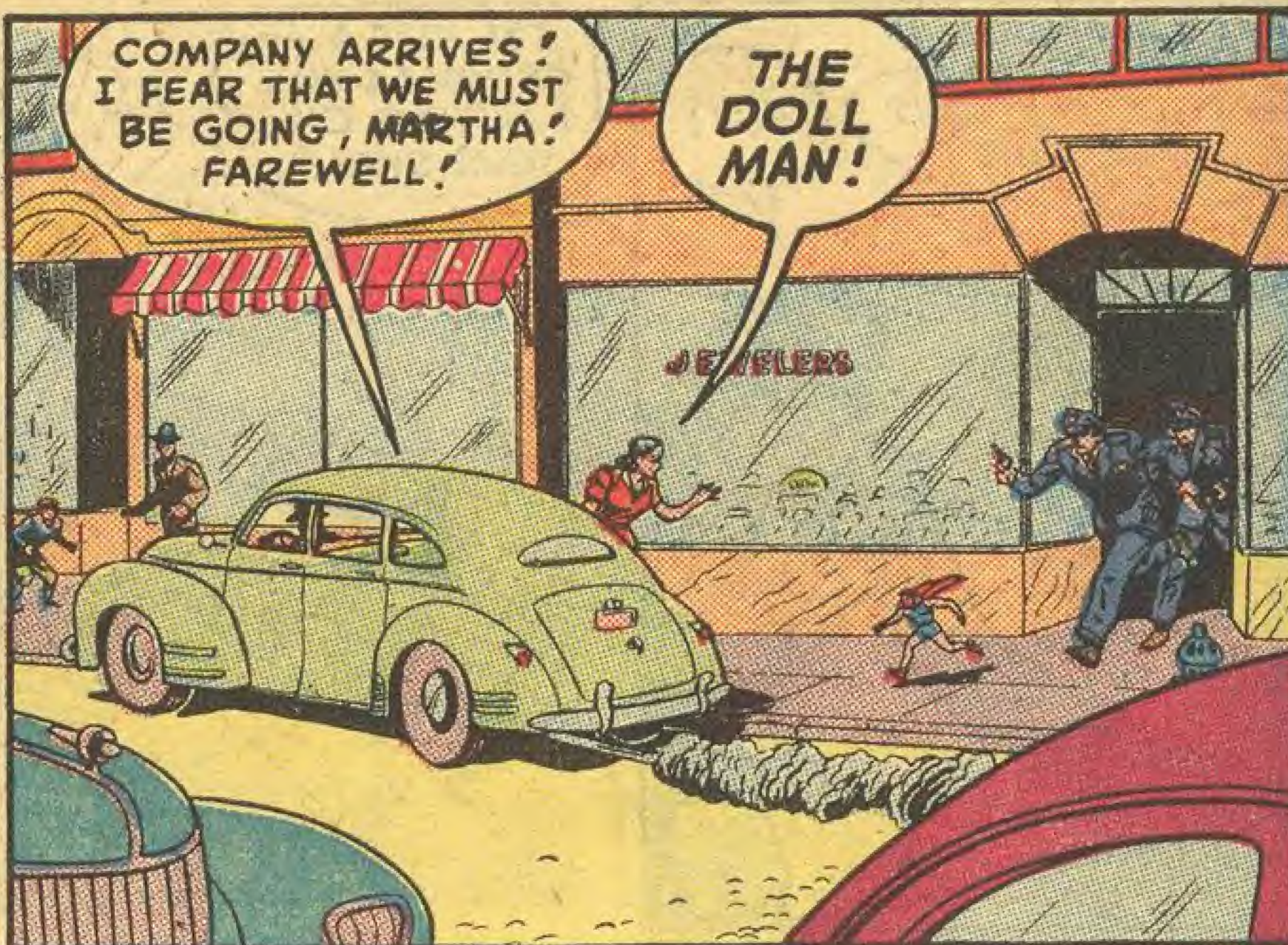


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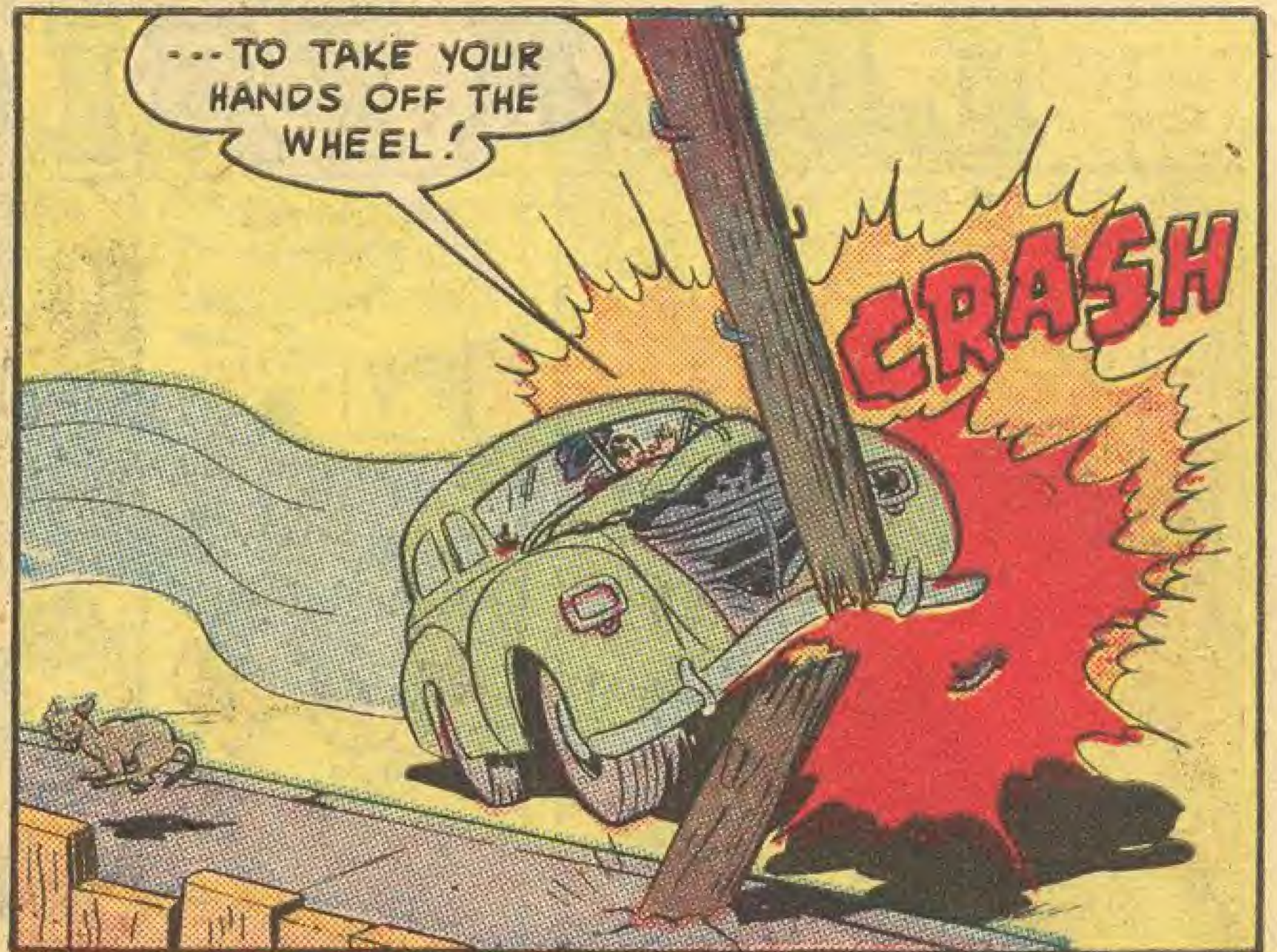




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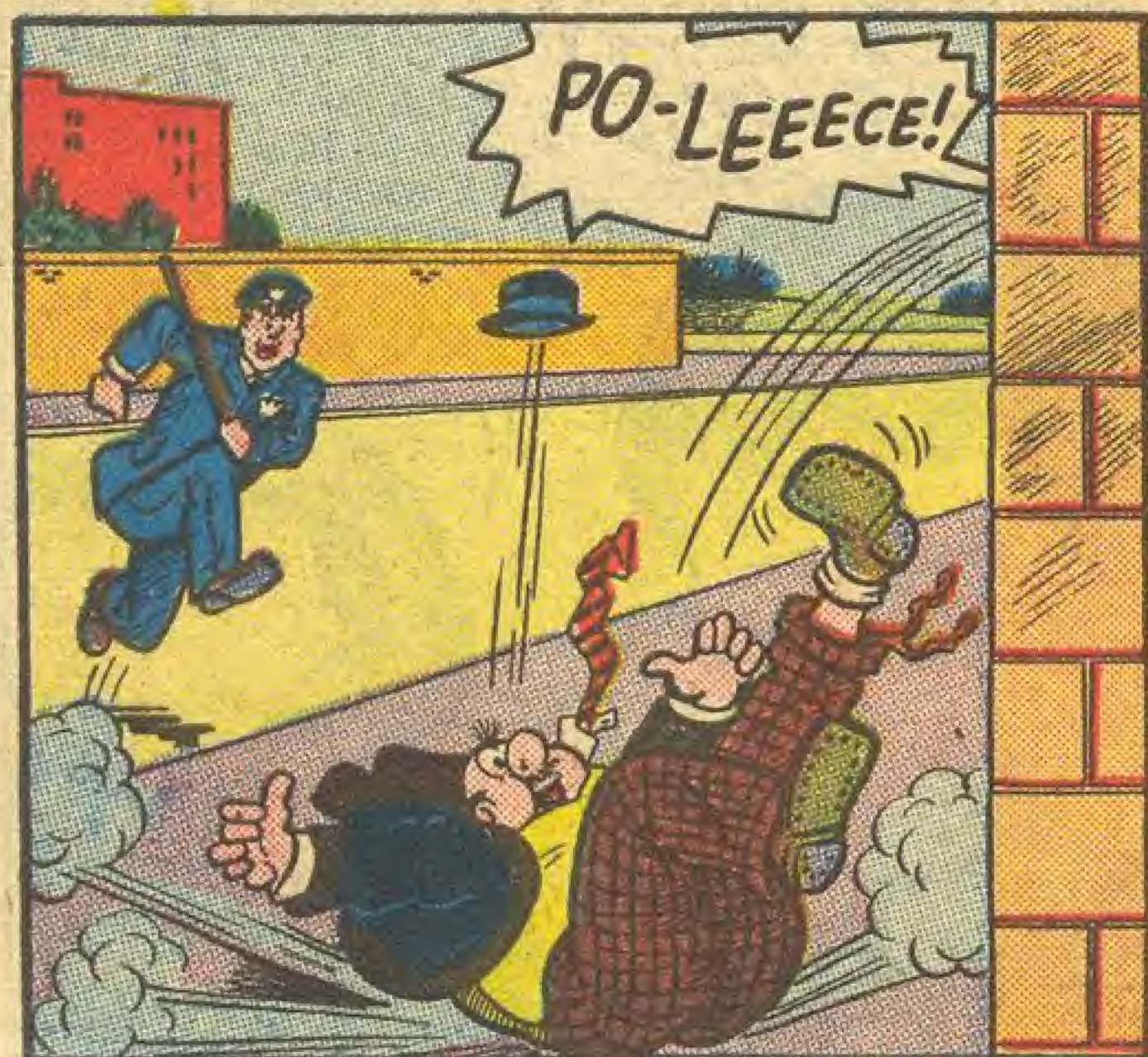
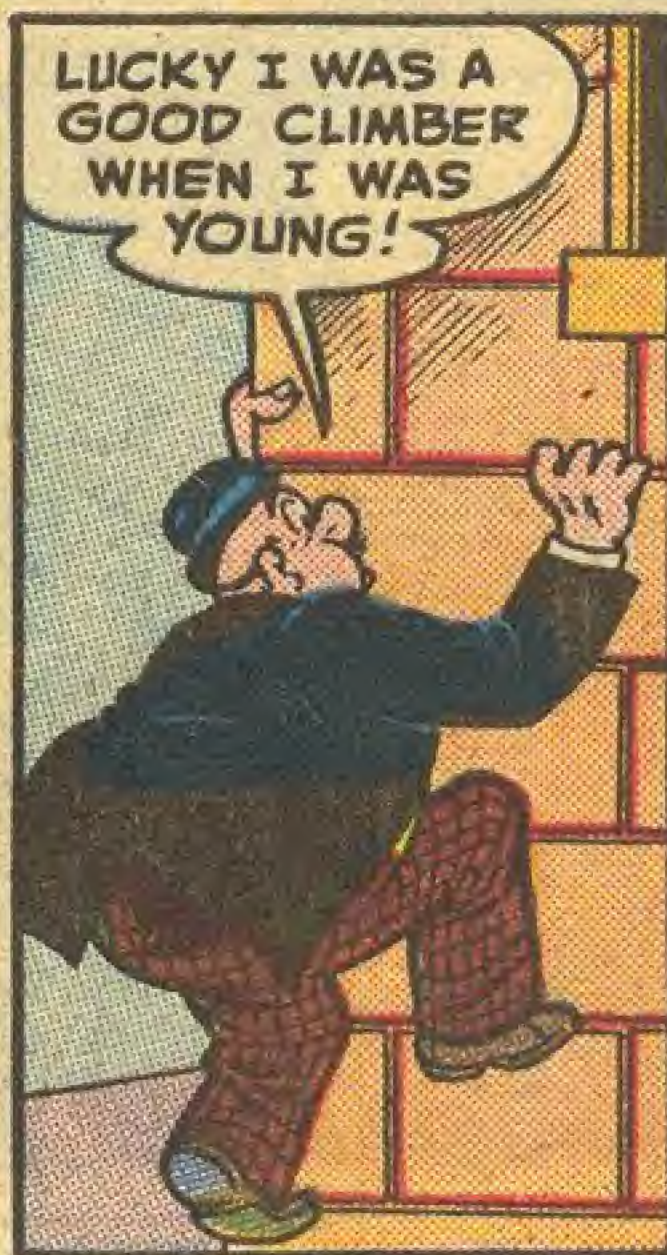
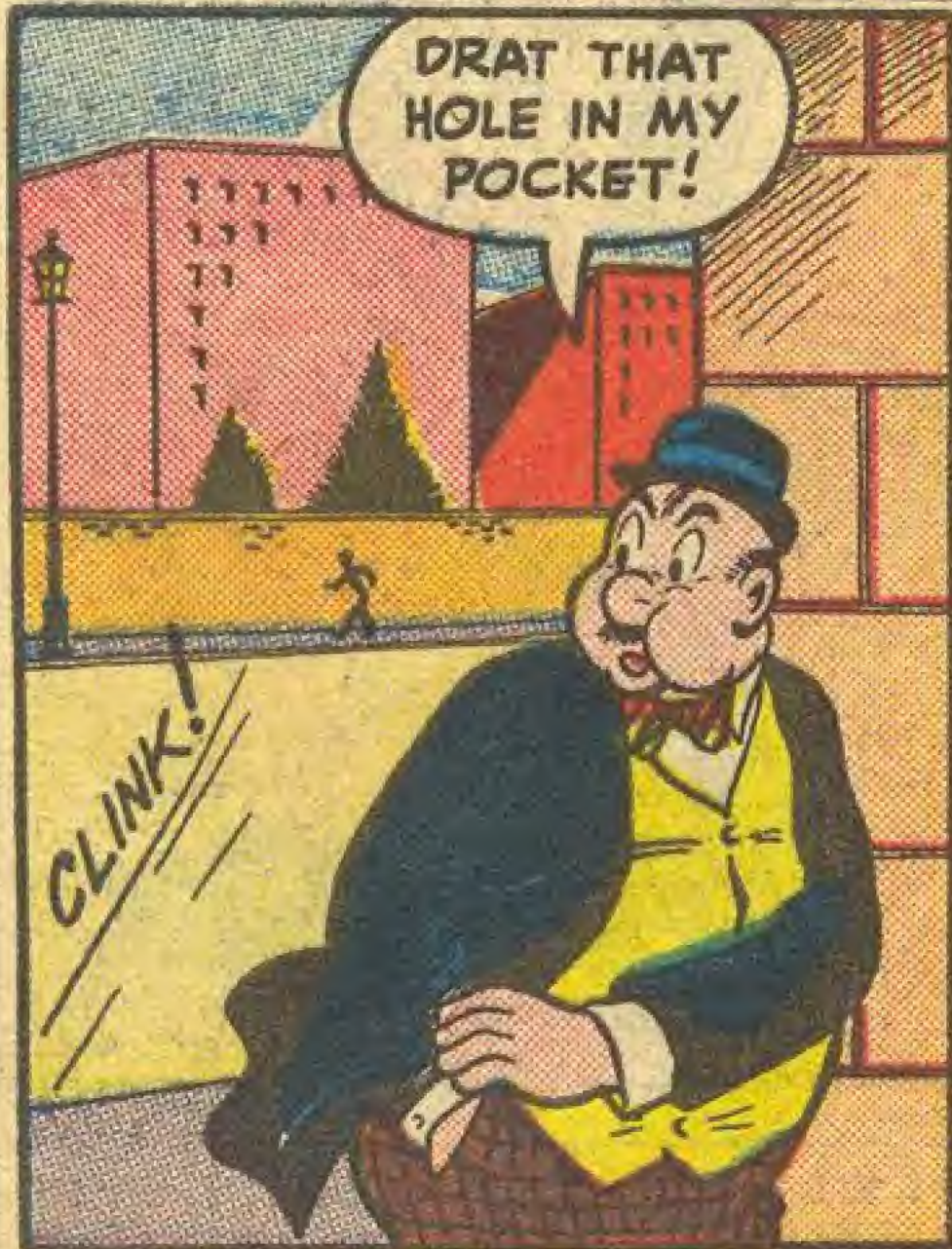


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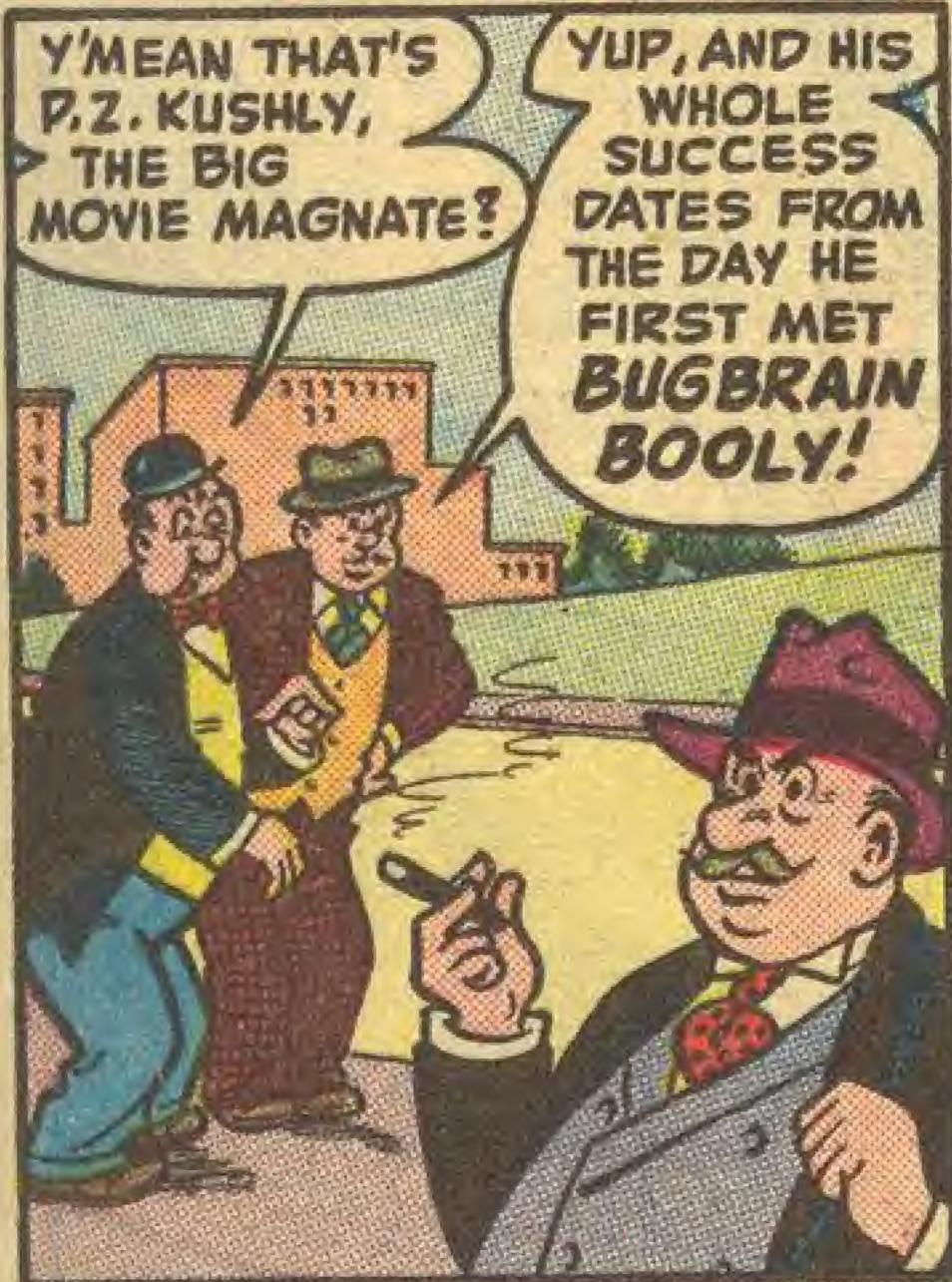


FEATURE COMICS

LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA





SWING SISSON'S BOYS ARE ON THEIR WAY THROUGH THE PARK TO PLAY FOR AN UPPER-CRUST PARTY...

LOOK, SWING! TOBY'S PICKED A FIGHT WITH A STRANGER-- AGAIN!

A CRACK LIKE THAT I TAKE FROM NO TOUGH-TALKING TIPPYTOE!

YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW ME AND YOU INSULT ME! IF YOU DID KNOW ME, YOU'D KNOW I ALWAYS DID **THIS!**

TOBY! LAY OFF--WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL DATE TO PLAY!

LOOK AT HIM RUN! HE CAN'T PUNCH FOR PEANUTS-- ONLY CUT MY MOUTH A LITTLE!

CUT YOUR MOUTH? AND WE HAVE TO PLAY FOR THE VAN BUSTLE WEDDING RECEPTION! HOW'LL YOU DO ON YOUR TRUMPET?



FEATURE COMICS

GOLLY, THAT'S TRUE! AND MY LIP'S FATTENING UP! I WON'T BE ABLE TO BLOW A LICK!

PARDON, GENTLEMEN! I COULDN'T HELP BUT SEE AND HEAR! IT SO HAPPENS THAT I HAVE BEEN A TRUMPETER IN MY TIME--THOUGH AT LIBERTY NOW--



-- AND IF I COULD BE OF ASSISTANCE-- YOU MIGHT SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE BY--ER-- AND MY NAME'S LIPPY!

MAYBE WE'RE GETTING A BREAK! SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO, LIPPY! IF YOU CAN PLAY AT ALL, THERE'S A PIECE OF MONEY IN IT FOR YOU!



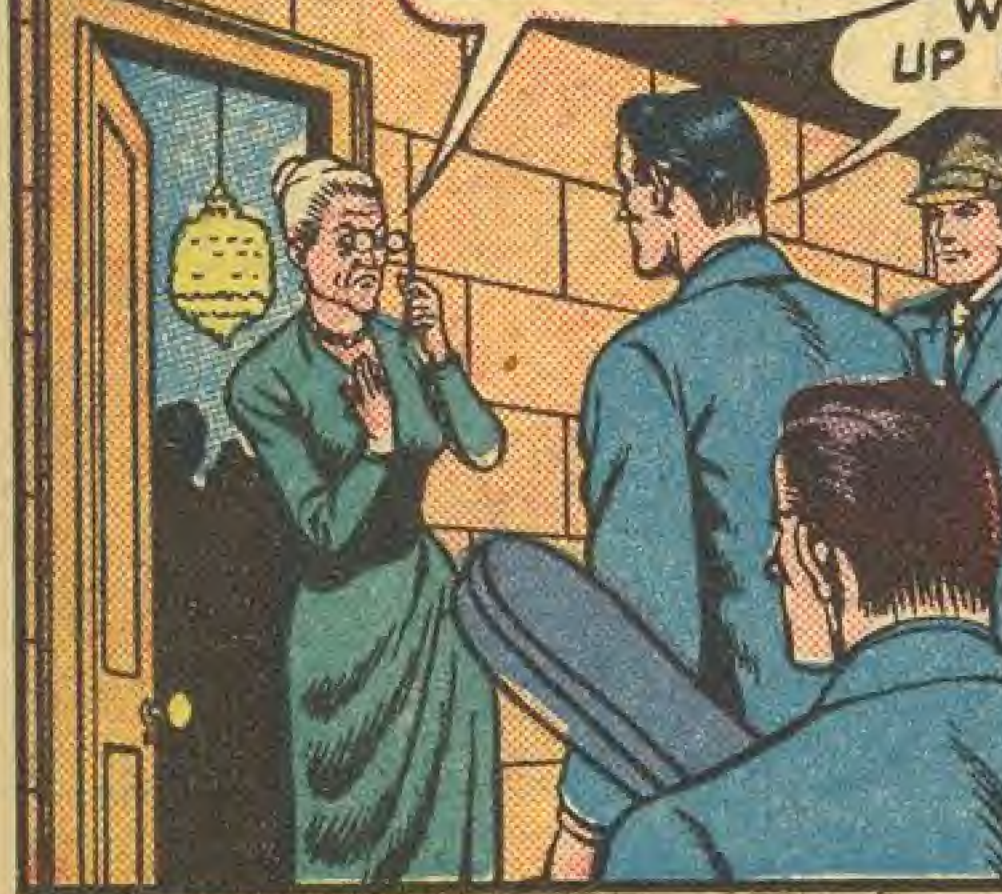
NOT BAD, NOT BAD! YOU'RE HIRED FOR THE EVENING! SLOSH SOME SALVE ON YOUR KISSER, TOBY, AND GIVE IT A REST!

I'LL HELP CARRY THE DRUMS! AFTER THIS I'LL KEEP MY BIG MOUTH OUTA THE WAY OF KNUCKLES!



At the Van Bustle's...

OOOH-OOOH! THE MUSICIANS-- BUT YOU **SHOULD** HAVE GONE AROUND TO THE **BACK DOOR!**



WE MIGHT HAVE LOST OUR WAY GETTING UP TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE AGAIN, MRS. VAN BUSTLE! WHERE DO WE SET UP FOR THE MUSIC?



WHAT PRESENTS, SWING! AND COULD ANYBODY MISTAKE THAT DETECTIVE IN **DISGUISE?**



MY LIP'S SO SWOLLEN, I CAN'T EVEN WHISTLE! I'D BETTER JUST MAKE SIGNS TO THIS CUTE LITTLE TRICK!

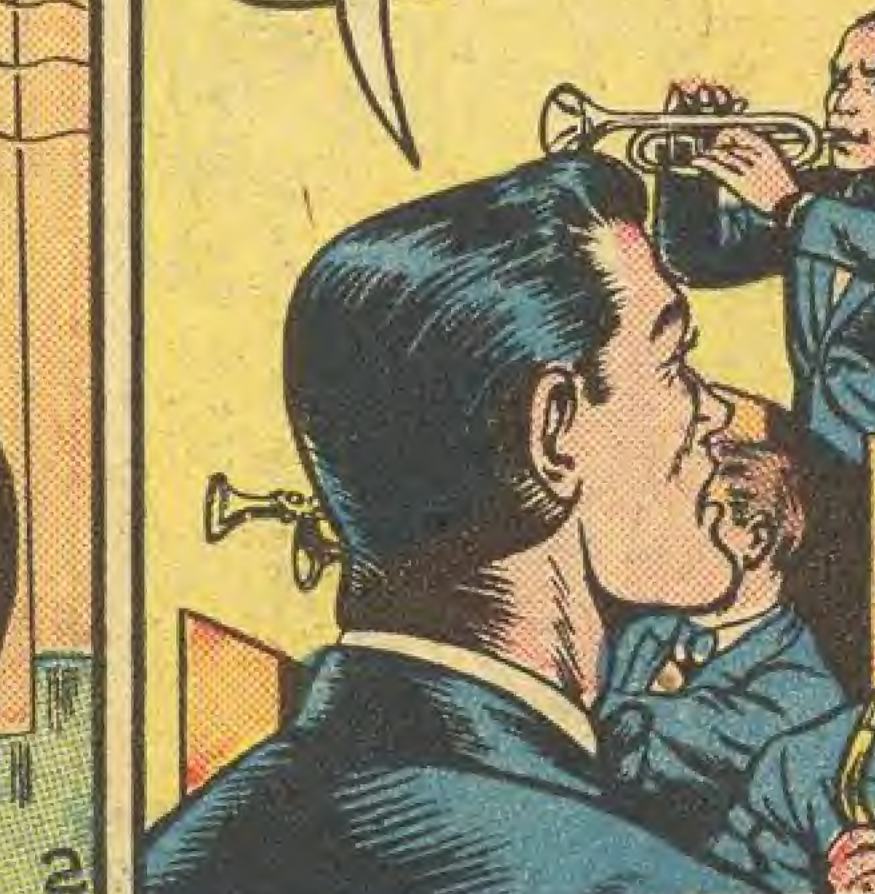


THAT BAND CAN REALLY GIVE OUT WITH GLAMOR, HUH?

LISTEN TO THAT LIPPY CHARACTER PLAY **MY** TRUMPET! HOPE SWING DOESN'T BOUNCE ME AND HIRE HIM!



NOT SO SOUR, LIPPY, OR YOU'LL BE FIRED FROM ANOTHER **JOB!**



FEATURE COMICS



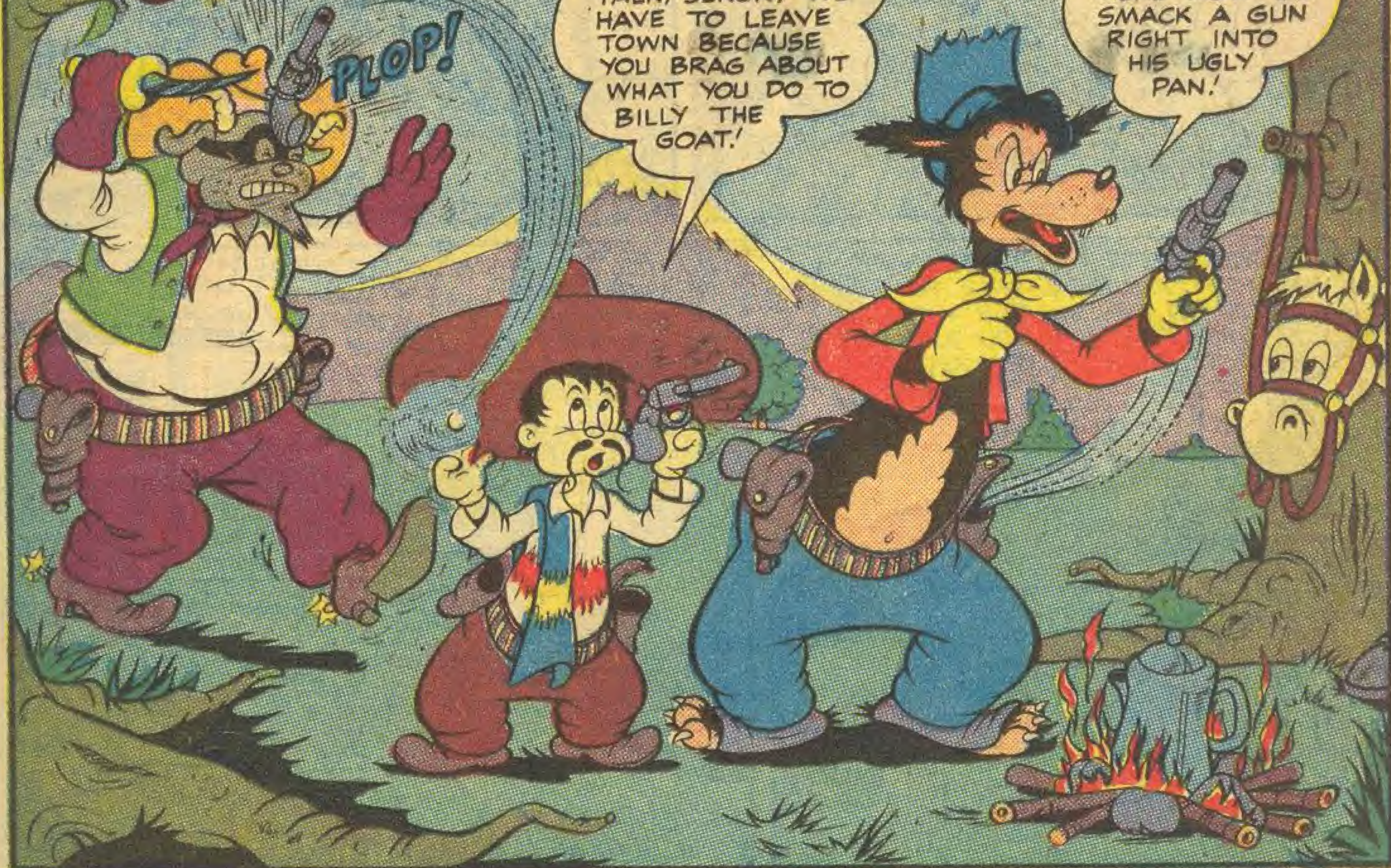
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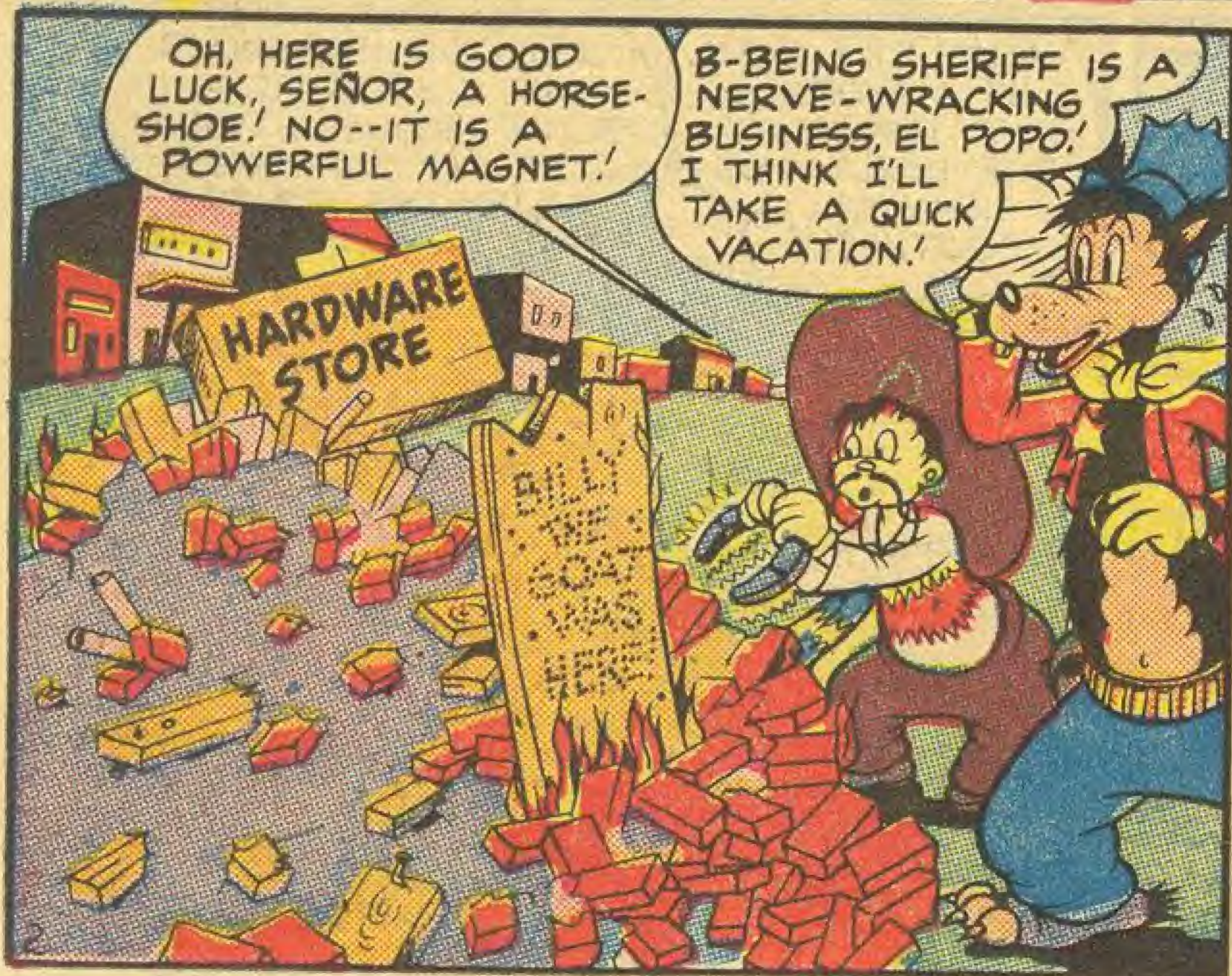
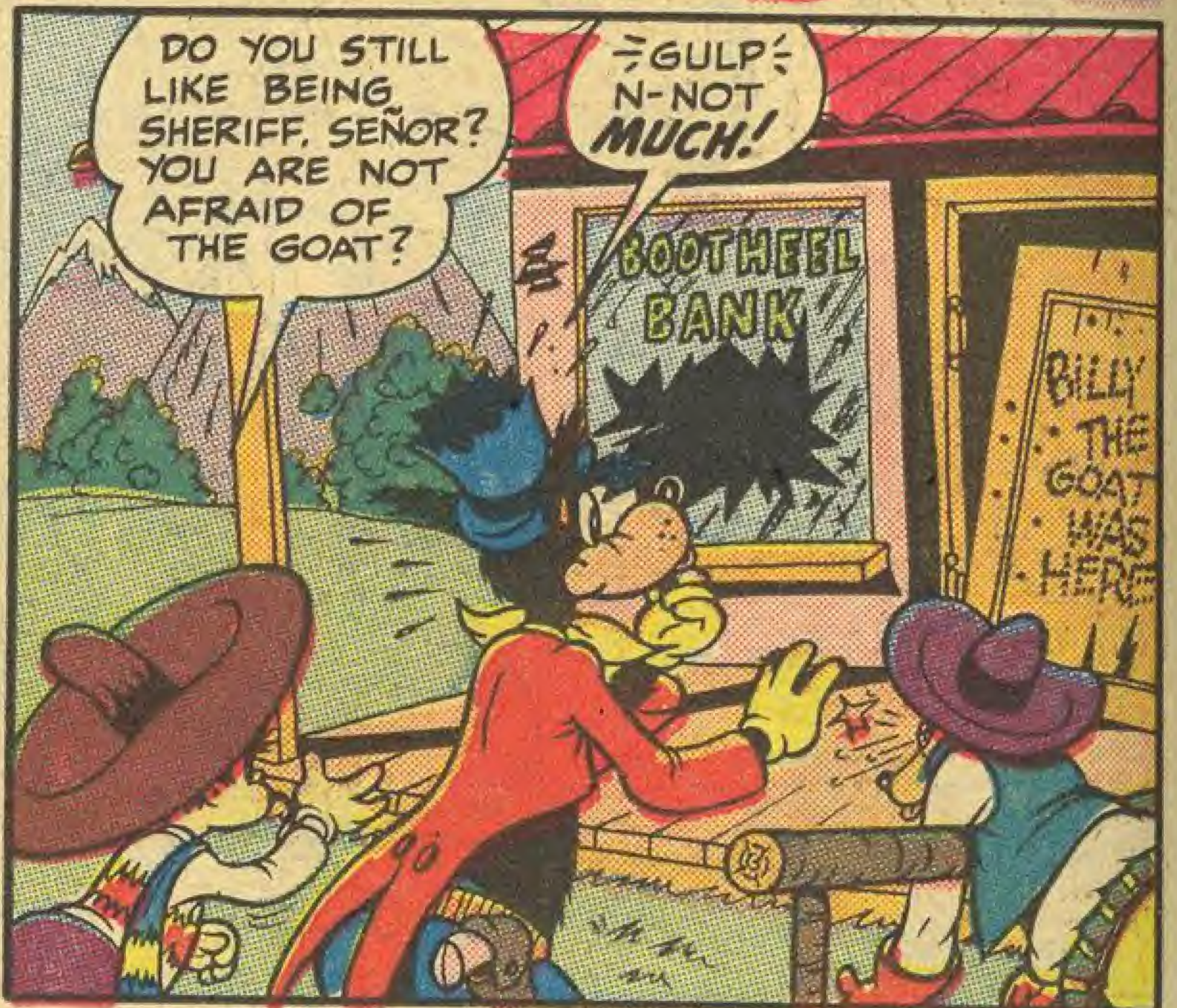
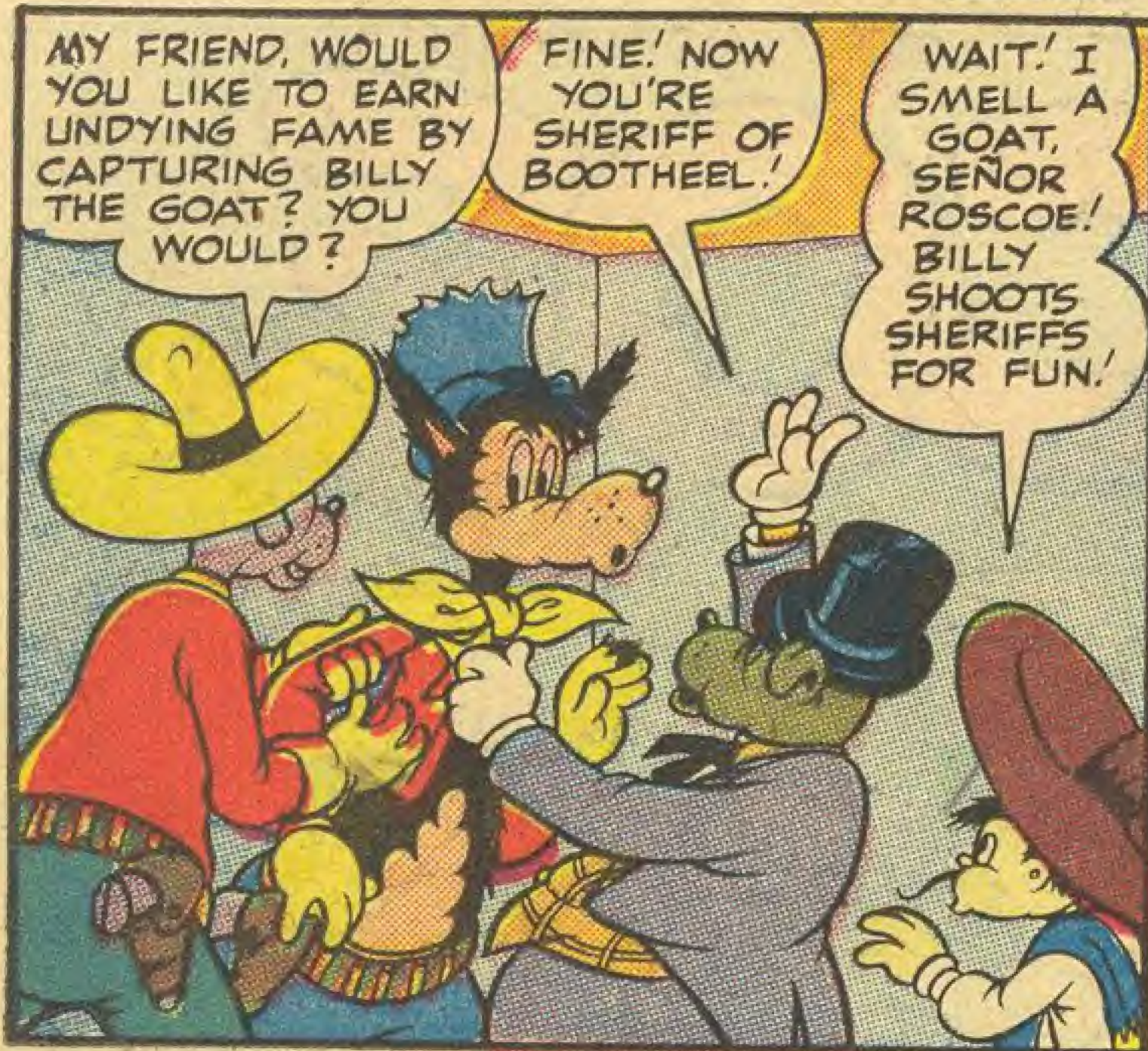
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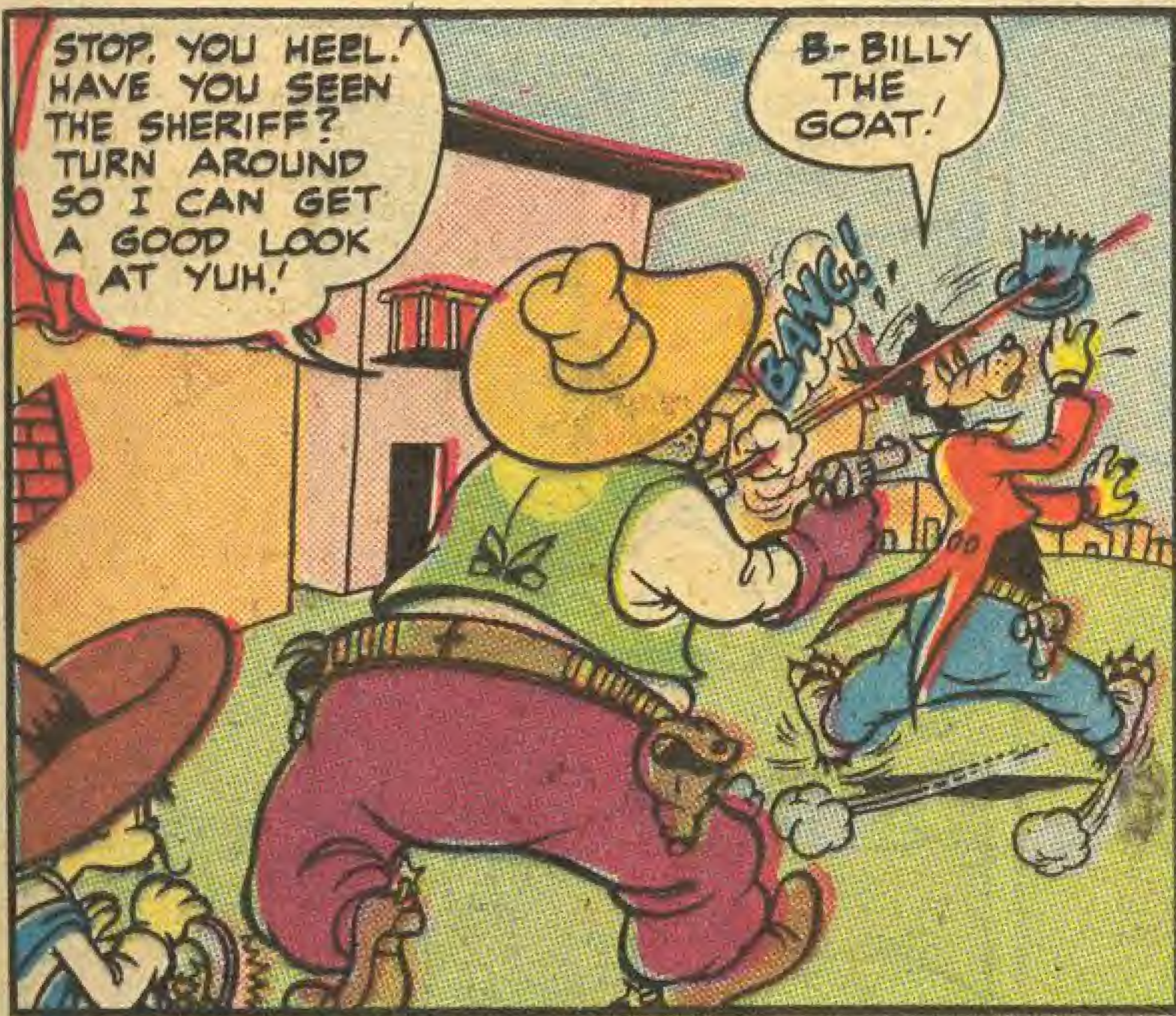
ROSCOE



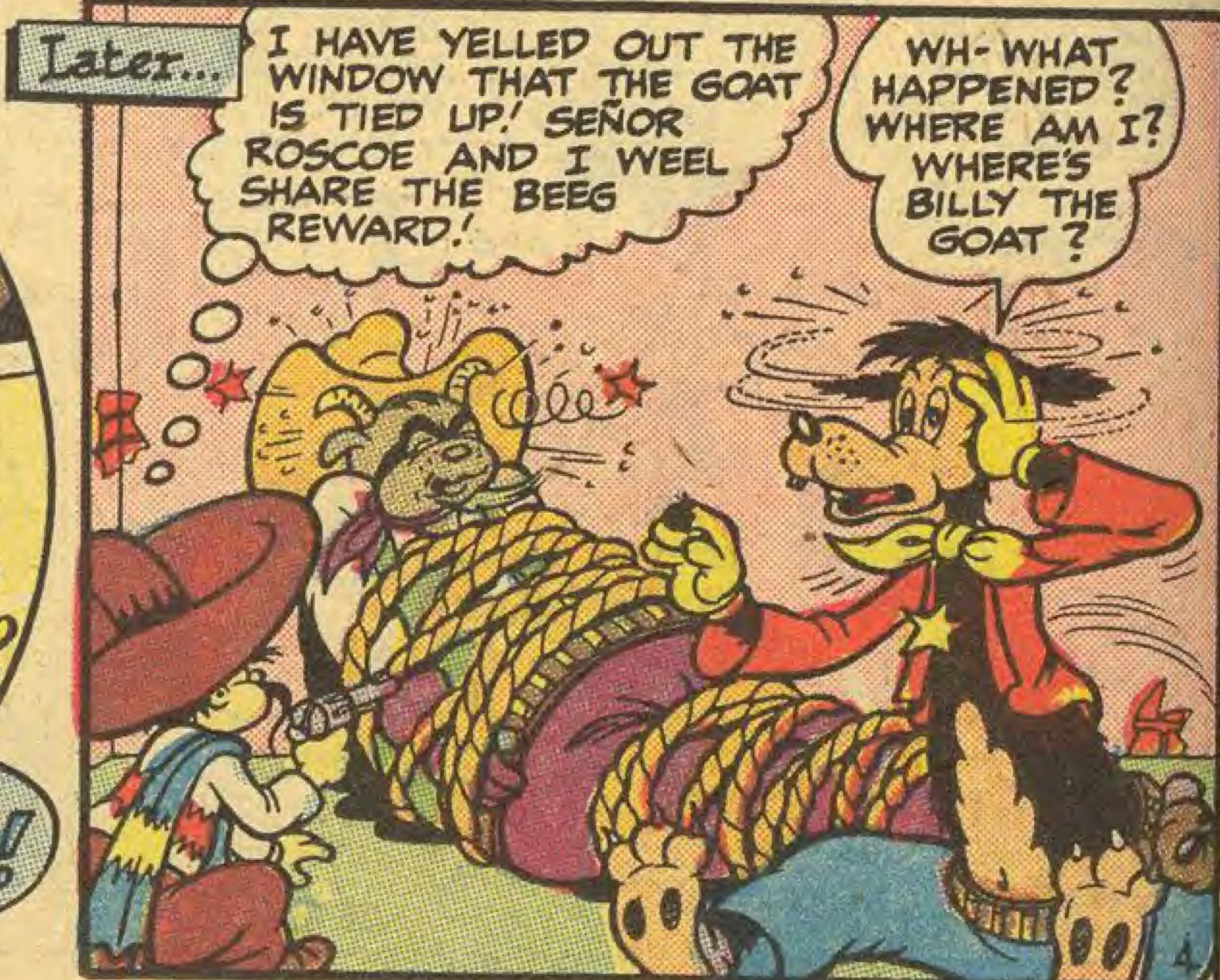
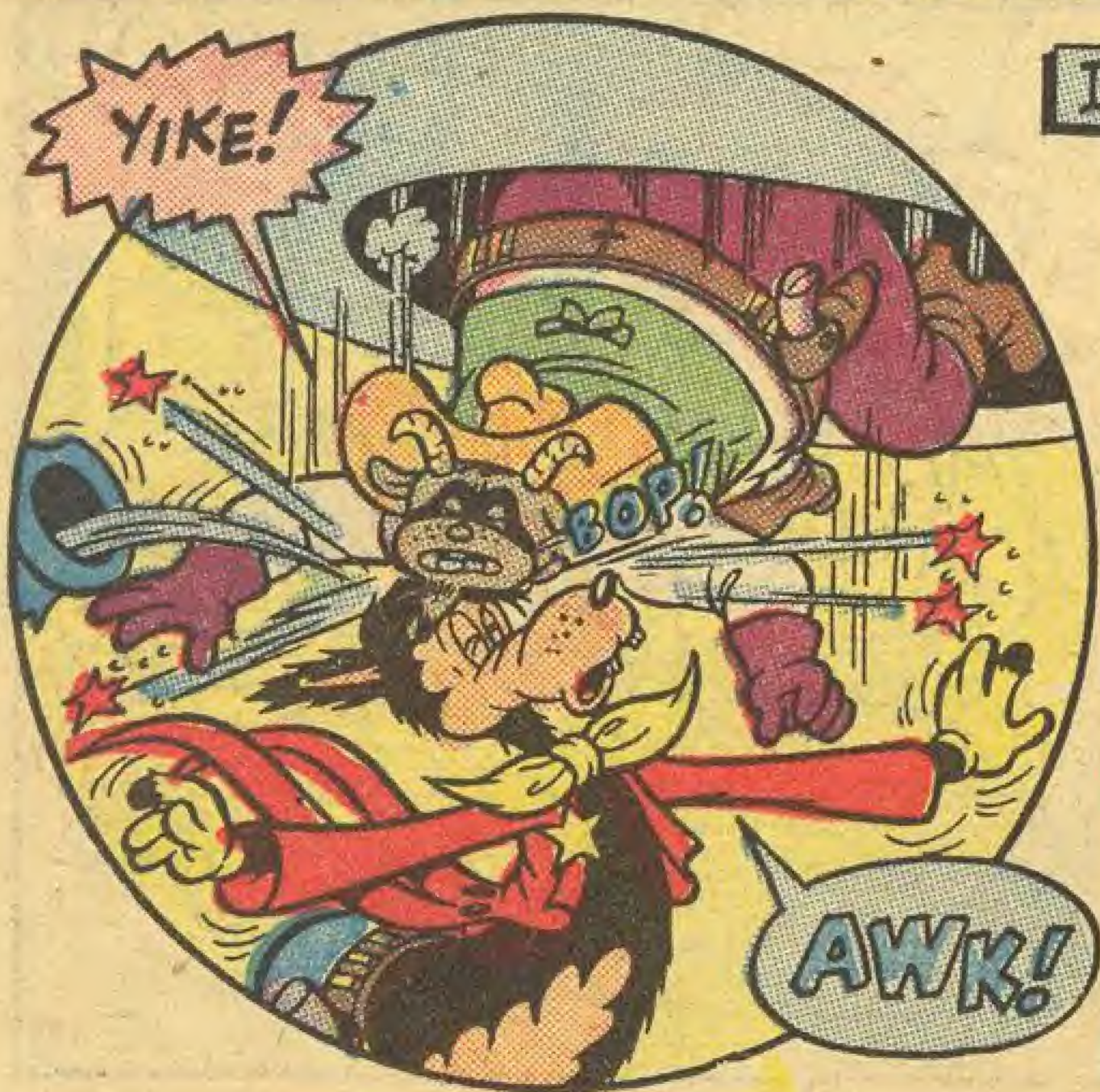
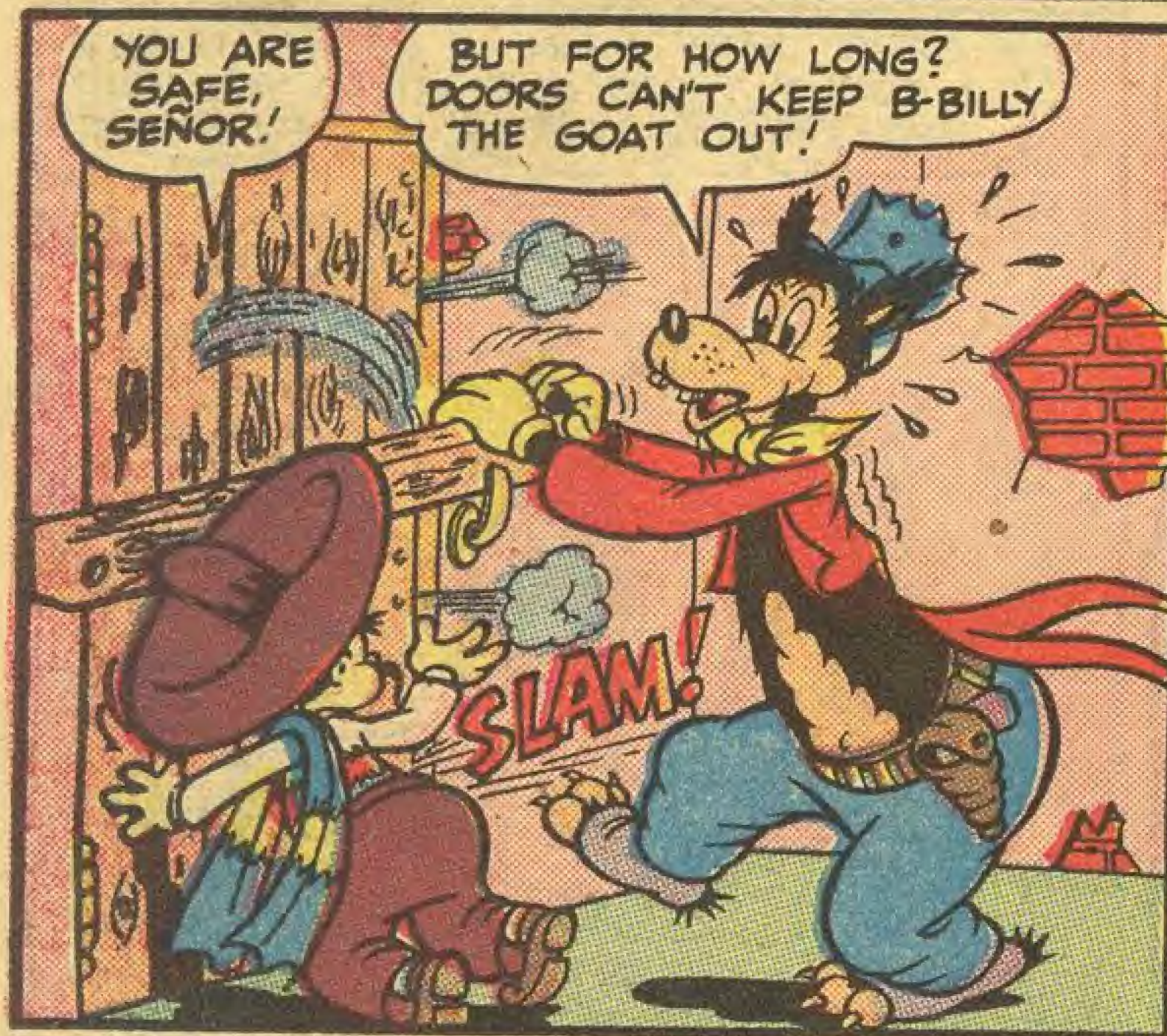
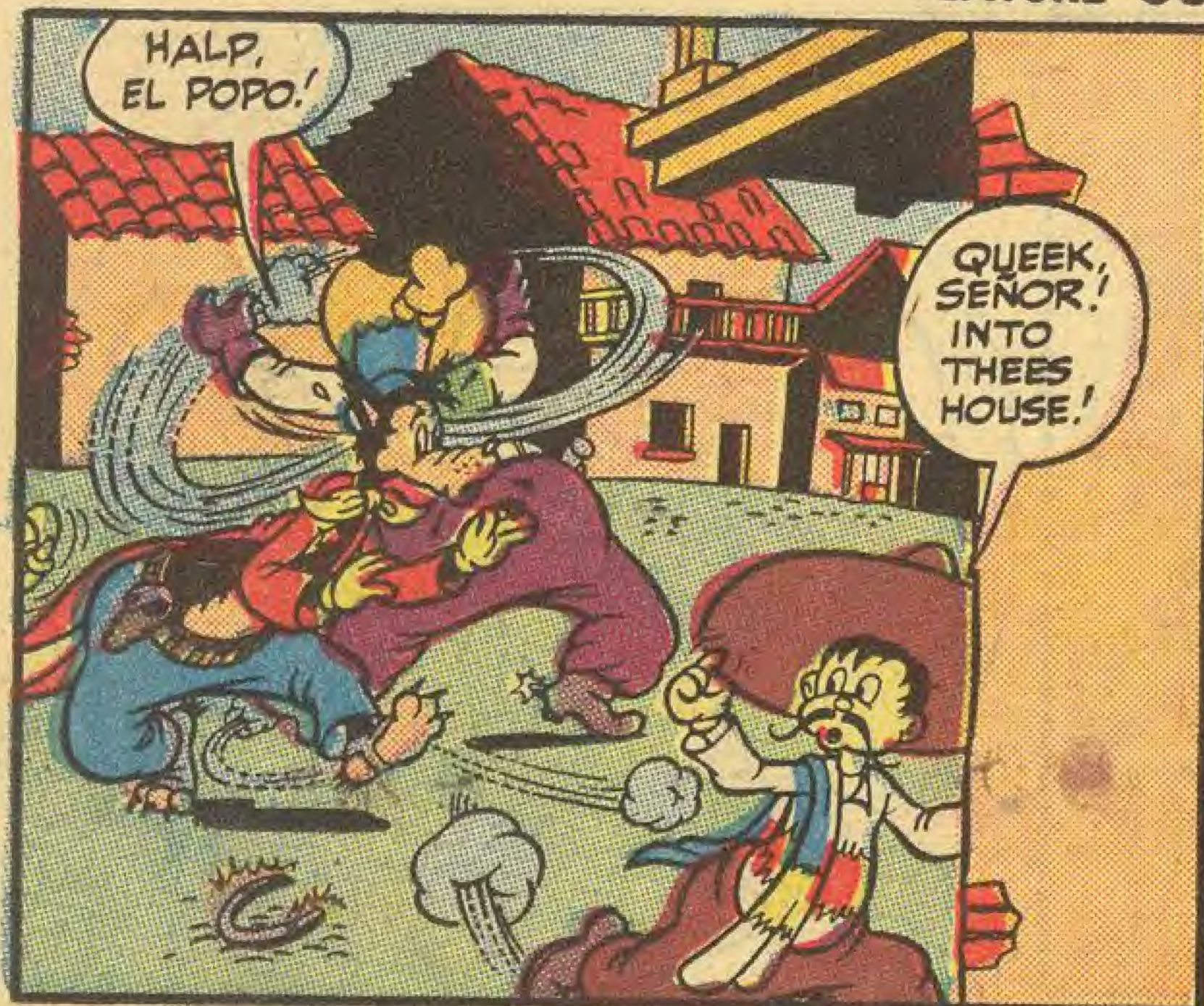
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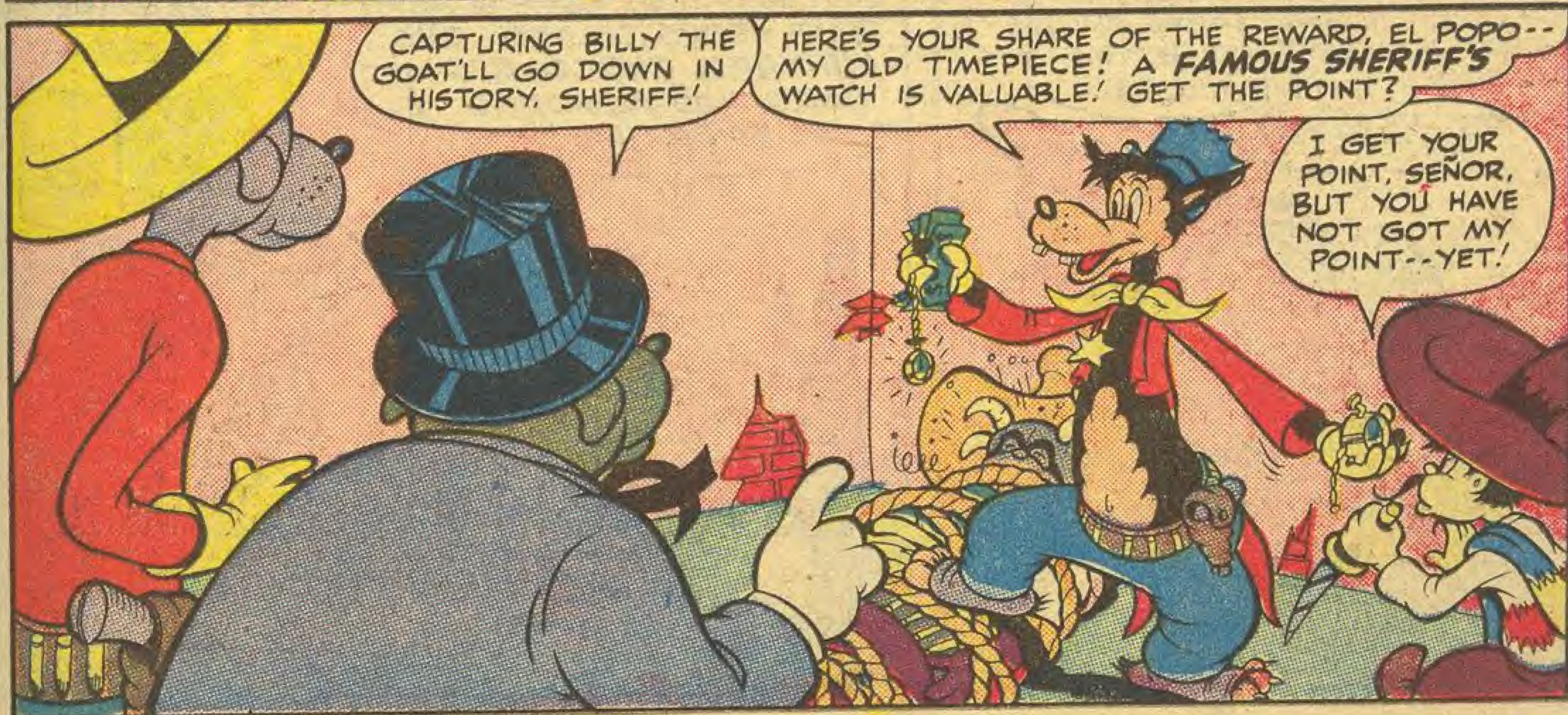
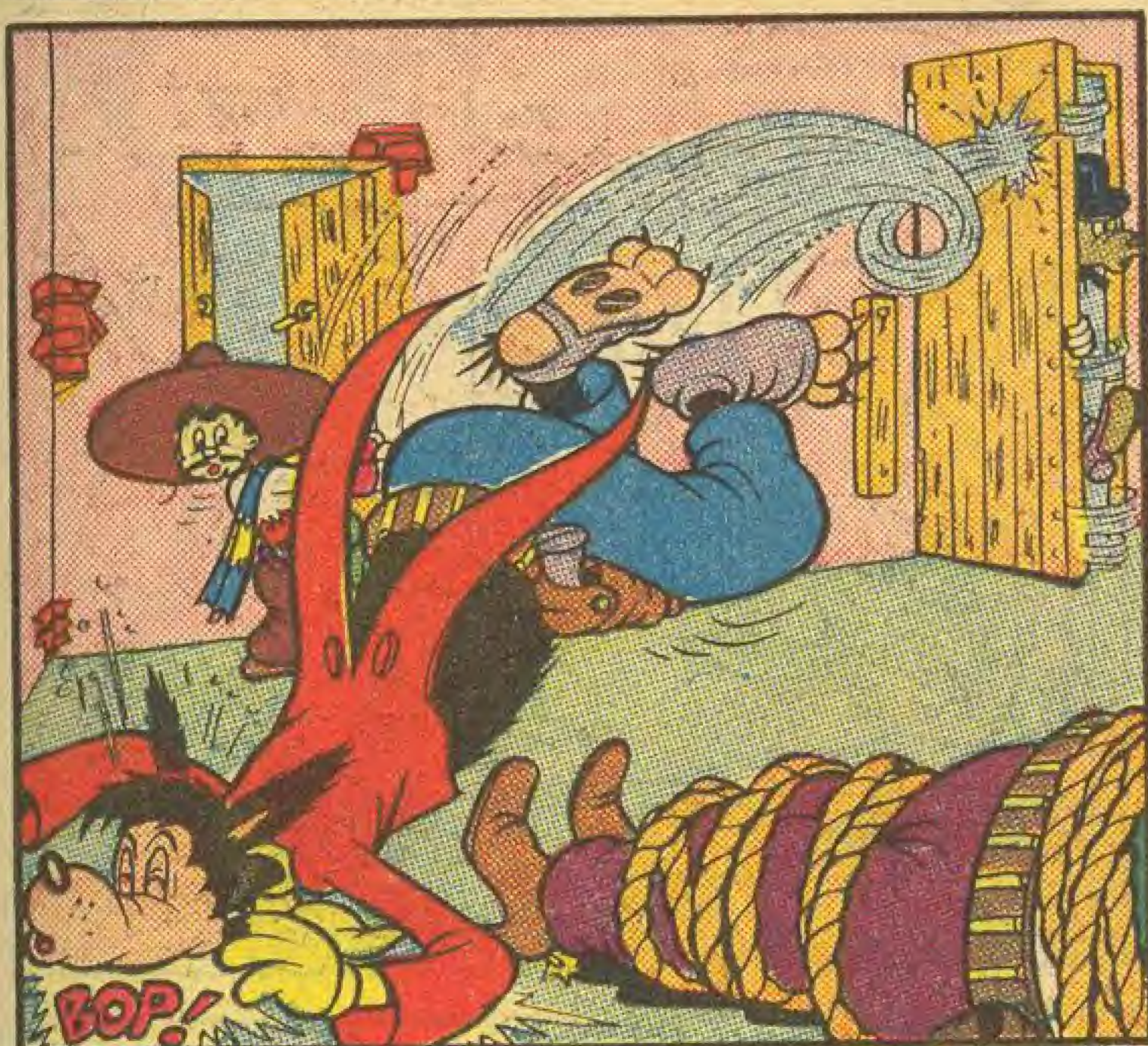


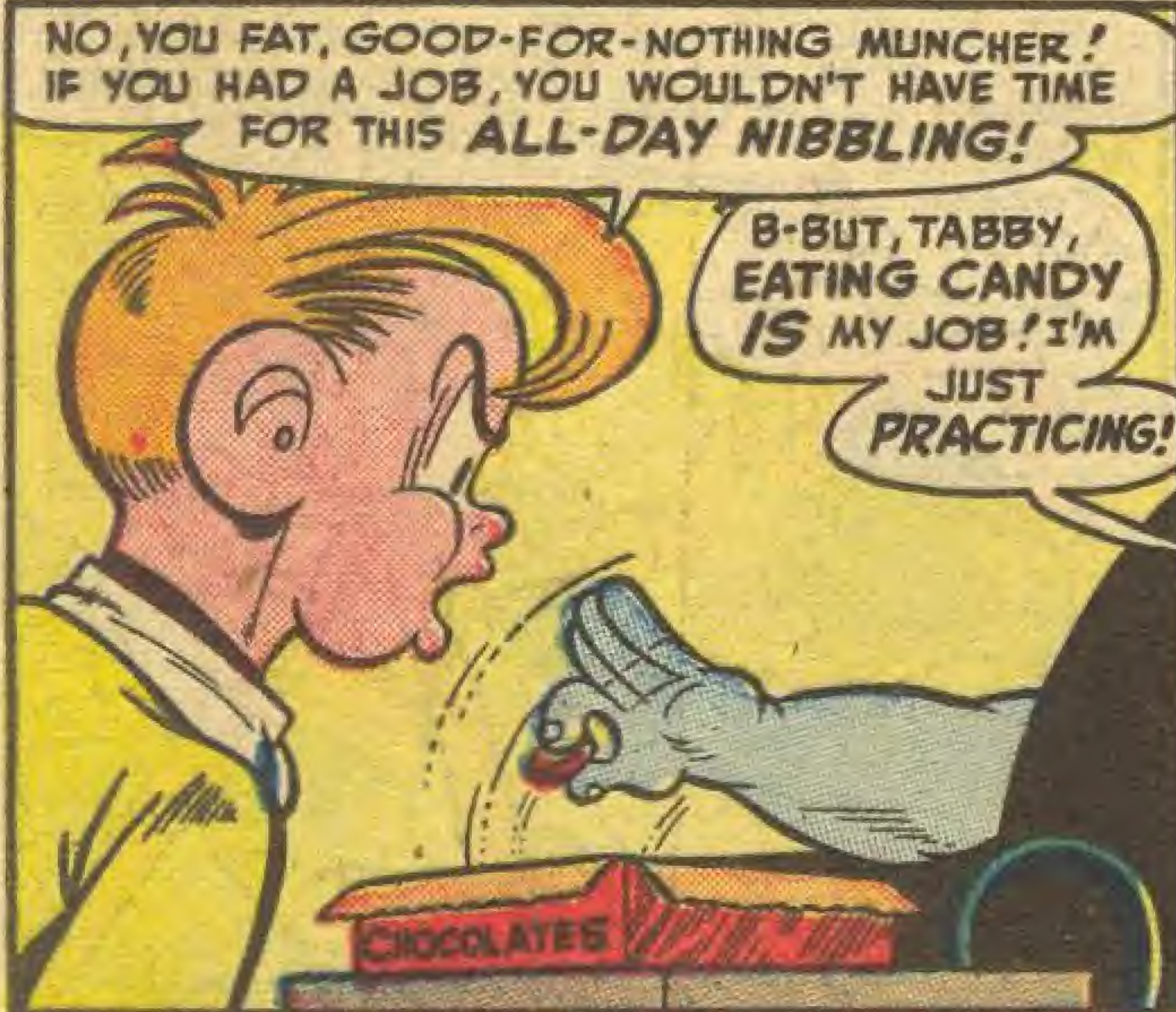
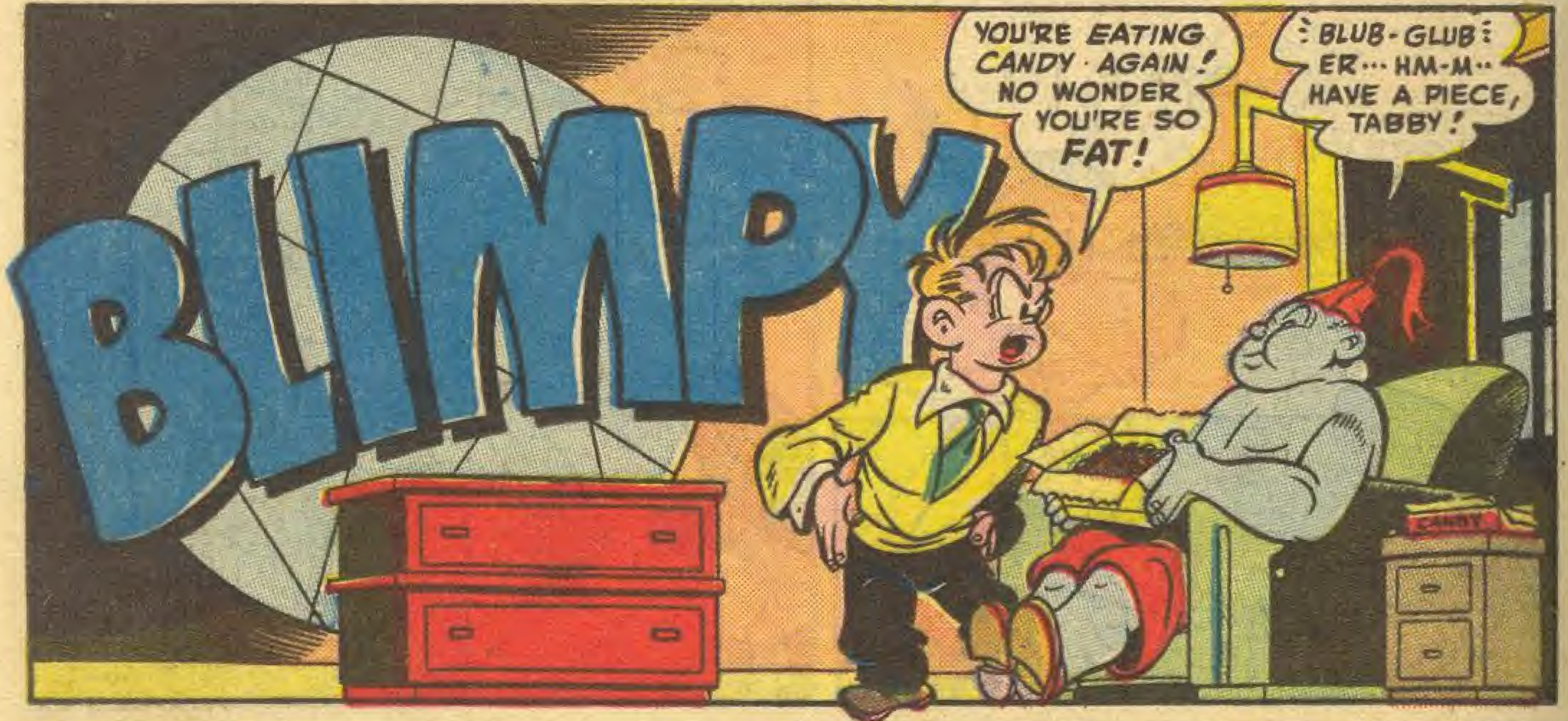
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS







FEATURE COMICS

Little does Blimpy realize that he is replacing a Mr. Wipplenut, chief candy taster at the Tempty Candy Factory for thirty years! Poor Mr. Wipplenut! Oh, well... that's life!



P-PLEASE, MR. TEMPTY! YOU CAN'T THROW ME OUT INTO THE STREET! I'LL **STARVE!** THIS IS THE ONLY WORK I'VE EVER DONE!

Tempty's
Fudge
Whippies
5¢

MR. WIPPLENUT, THE MATTER IS CLOSED! LOOK AT YOURSELF... **THIN AS A RAIL, ANAEMIC, LOW BLOOD PRESSURE!** YOU'RE NO LONGER IN CONDITION TO TASTE CANDY!

THIS JOB ALWAYS REQUIRED A MAN WITH **ROBUST HEALTH, MUSCULAR**, AND WITH A SHARP APPETITE! THAT'S WHY I'M REPLACING YOU WITH **BLIMPY!**



MR. TEMPTY, LOOK! REMEMBER THIS PICTURE OF ME TAKEN THIRTY YEARS AGO? I'LL REGAIN MY OLD FORM! GIVE ME TIME! I JUST NEED A FEW SQUARE MEALS!

SORRY! MY MIND'S MADE UP! WHEN BLIMPY ARRIVES, YOU'LL SHOW HIM HIS DUTIES AND **LEAVE!**



BLAST THAT NEWCOMER BLIMPY! HEH, HE THINKS HE'S A CANDY TASTER, EH? I'LL SHOW HIM!

OFFICE
OF
T.P. TEMPTY



HMM, A NICE, SLOW DEATH IN **BOILING HOT FUDGE!** IT WILL APPEAR AS AN **ACCIDENT!**



FIRST, I MUST CONTROL MY HATRED AND GAIN BLIMPY'S CONFIDENCE! I'LL PRETEND I'M FRIENDLY! HEH, HEH!

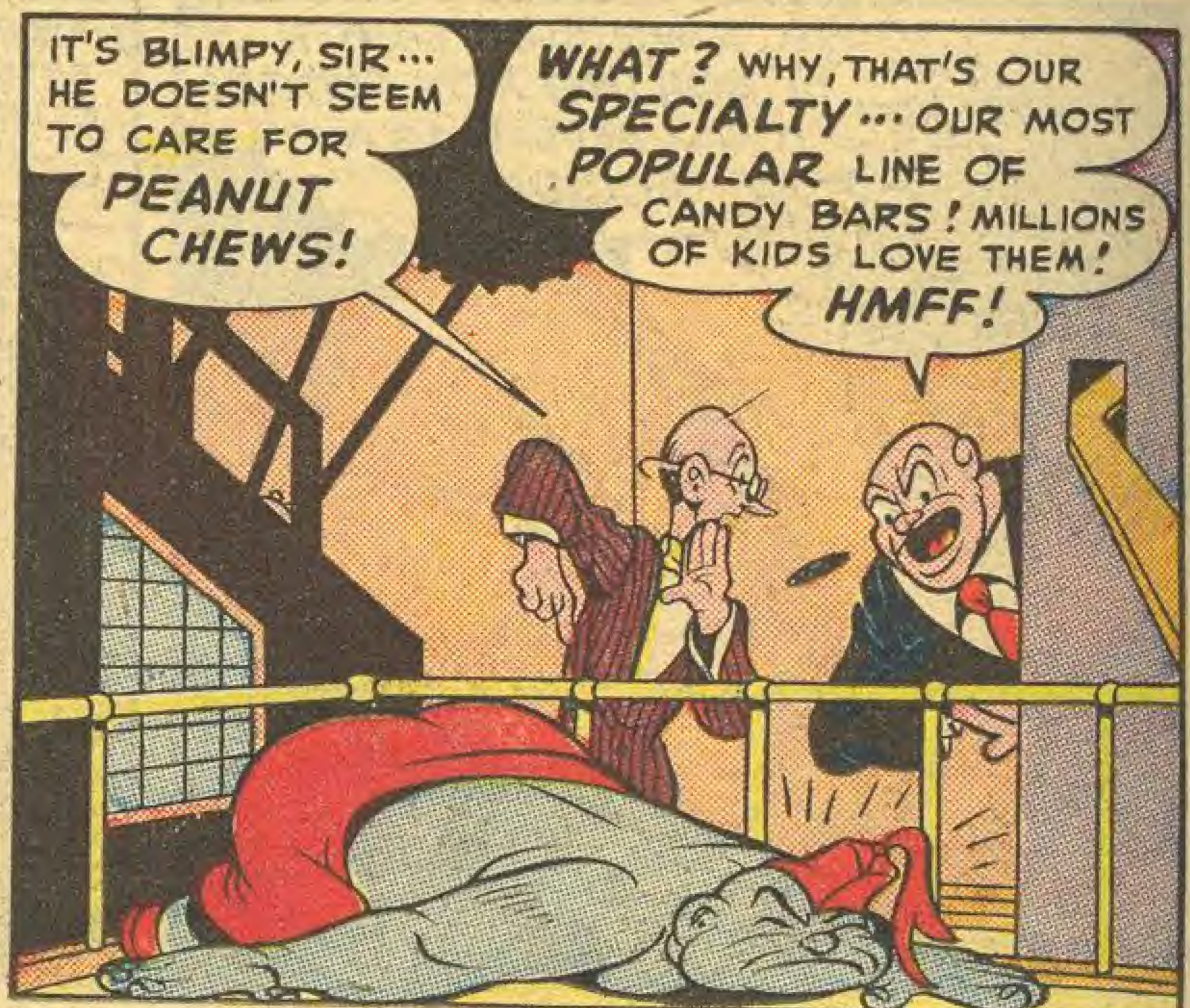
WIPPLENUT!

COMING, SIR!

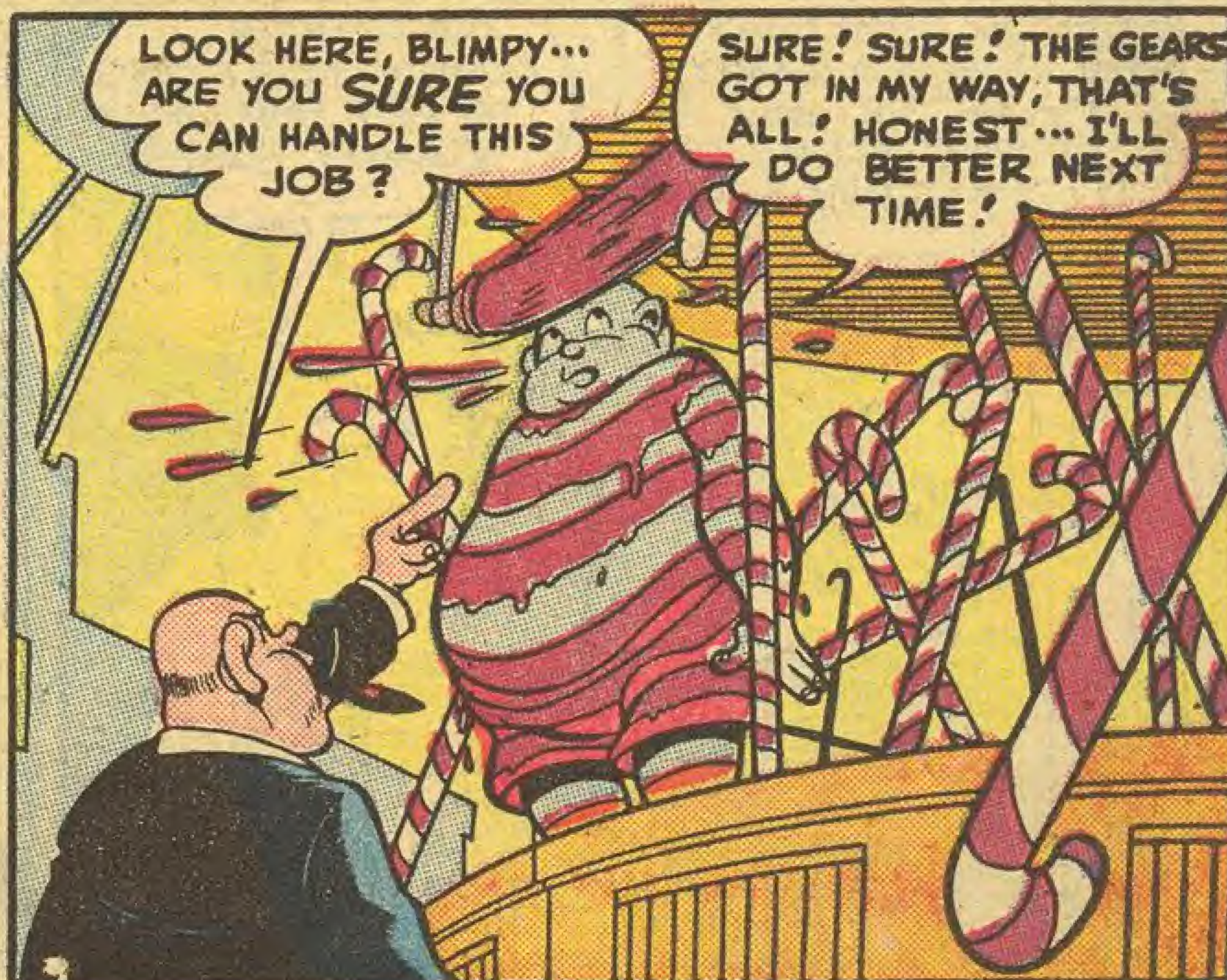
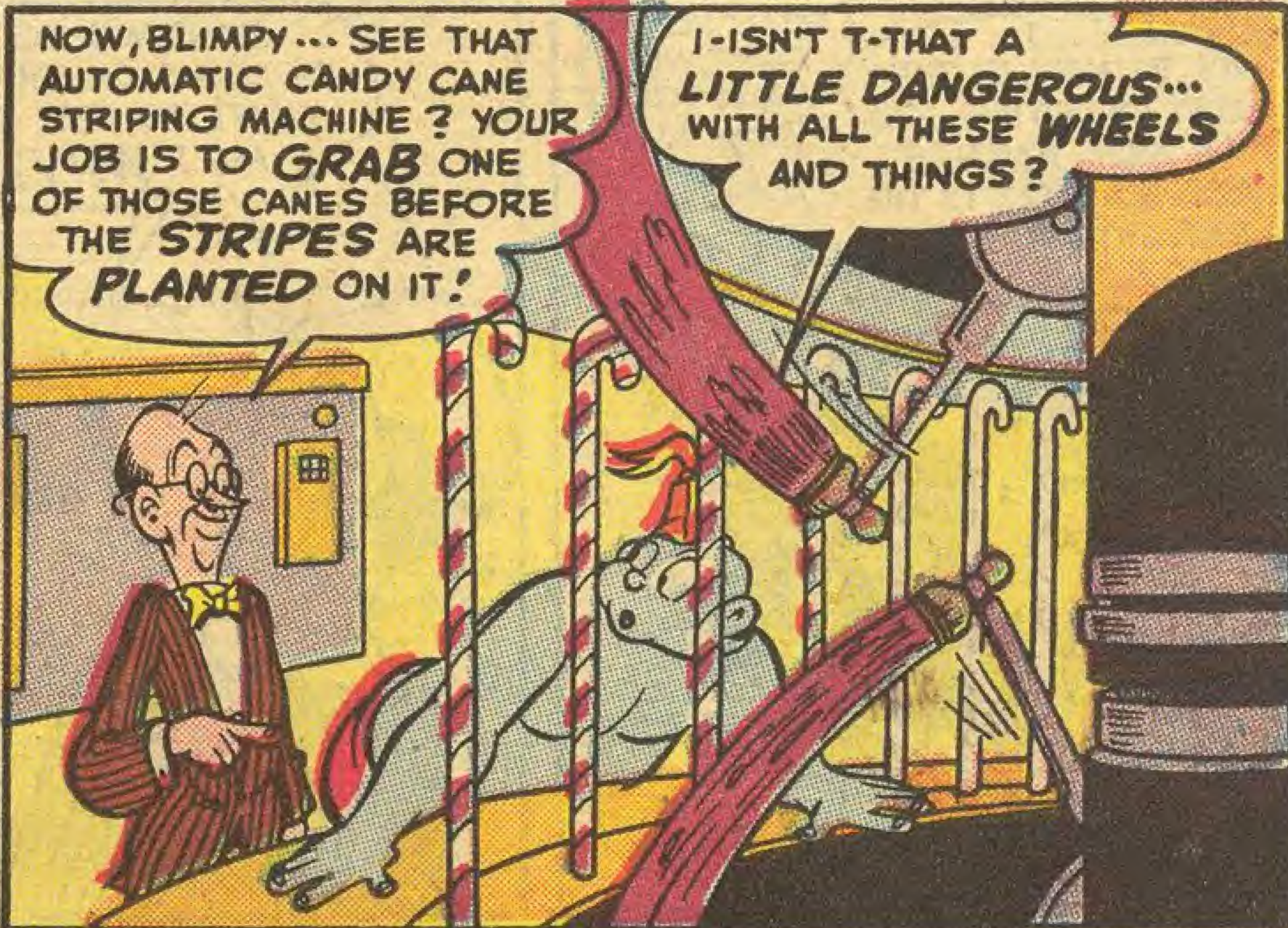
Tempty's
Pecan
Bars
5¢



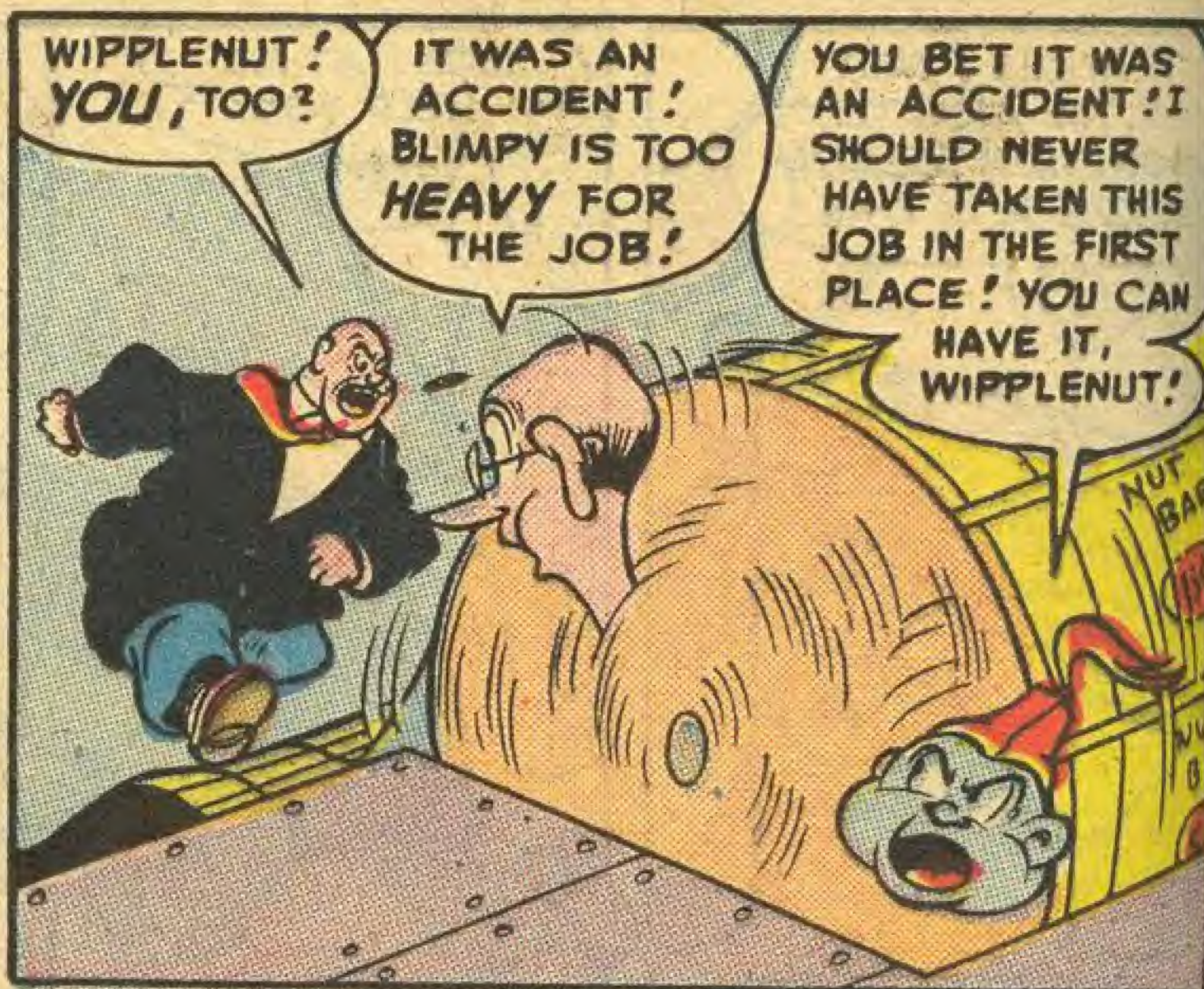
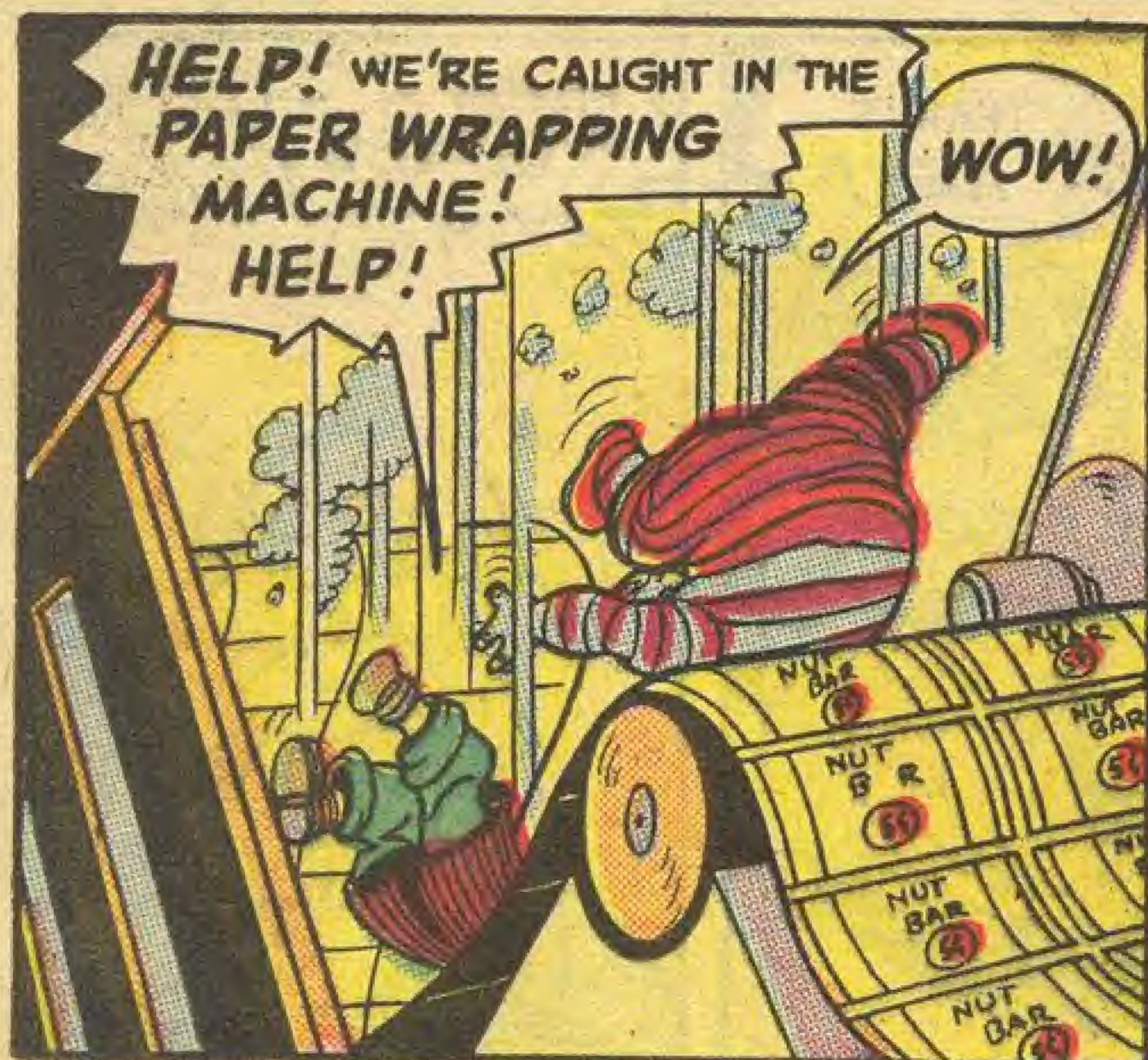
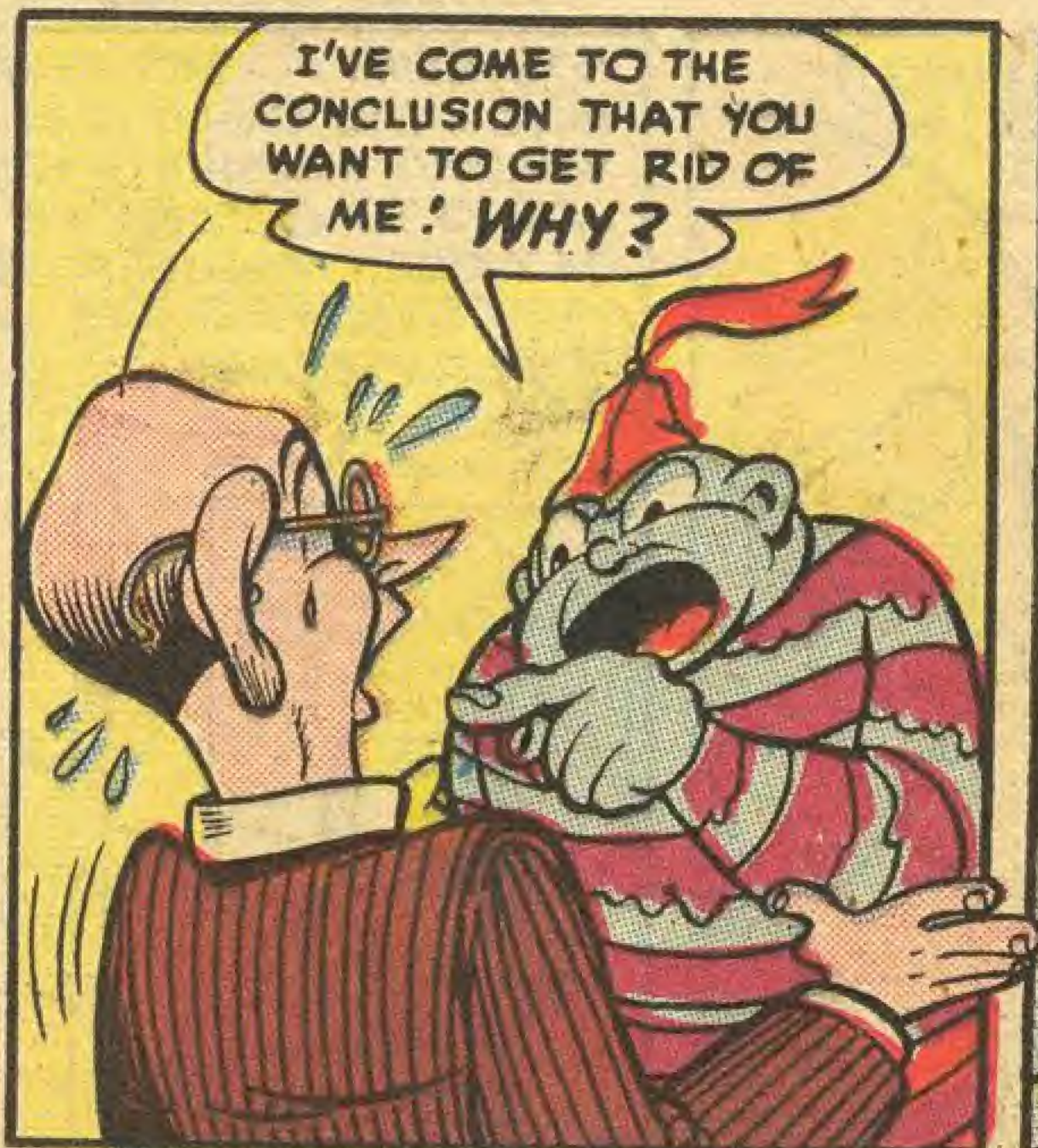
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



Poor Rusty! A life of adventure is all right, but when you have to play nursemaid to Pierpont and Alababa... WELL! Those two can never seem to keep out of trouble!

Take this for instance ----

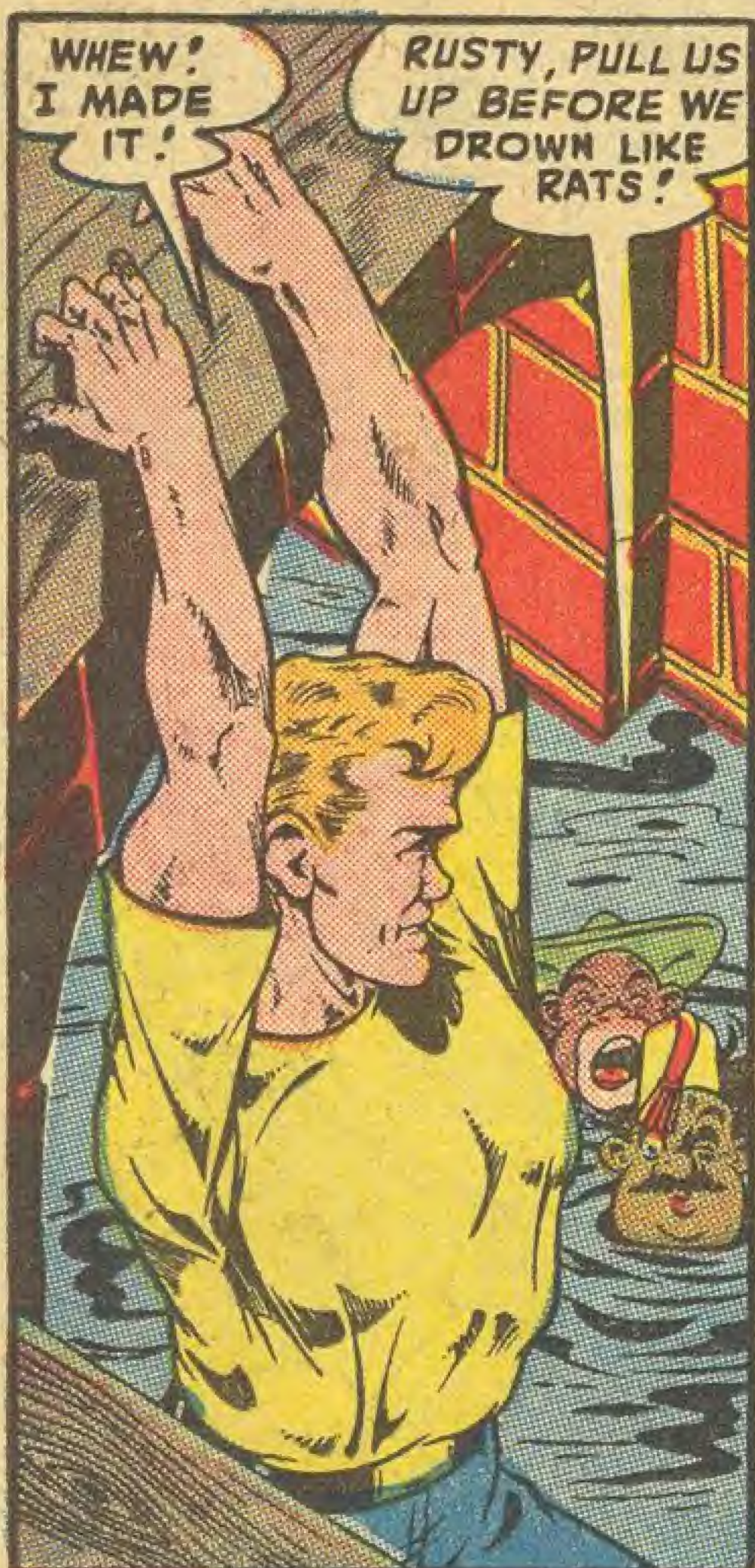
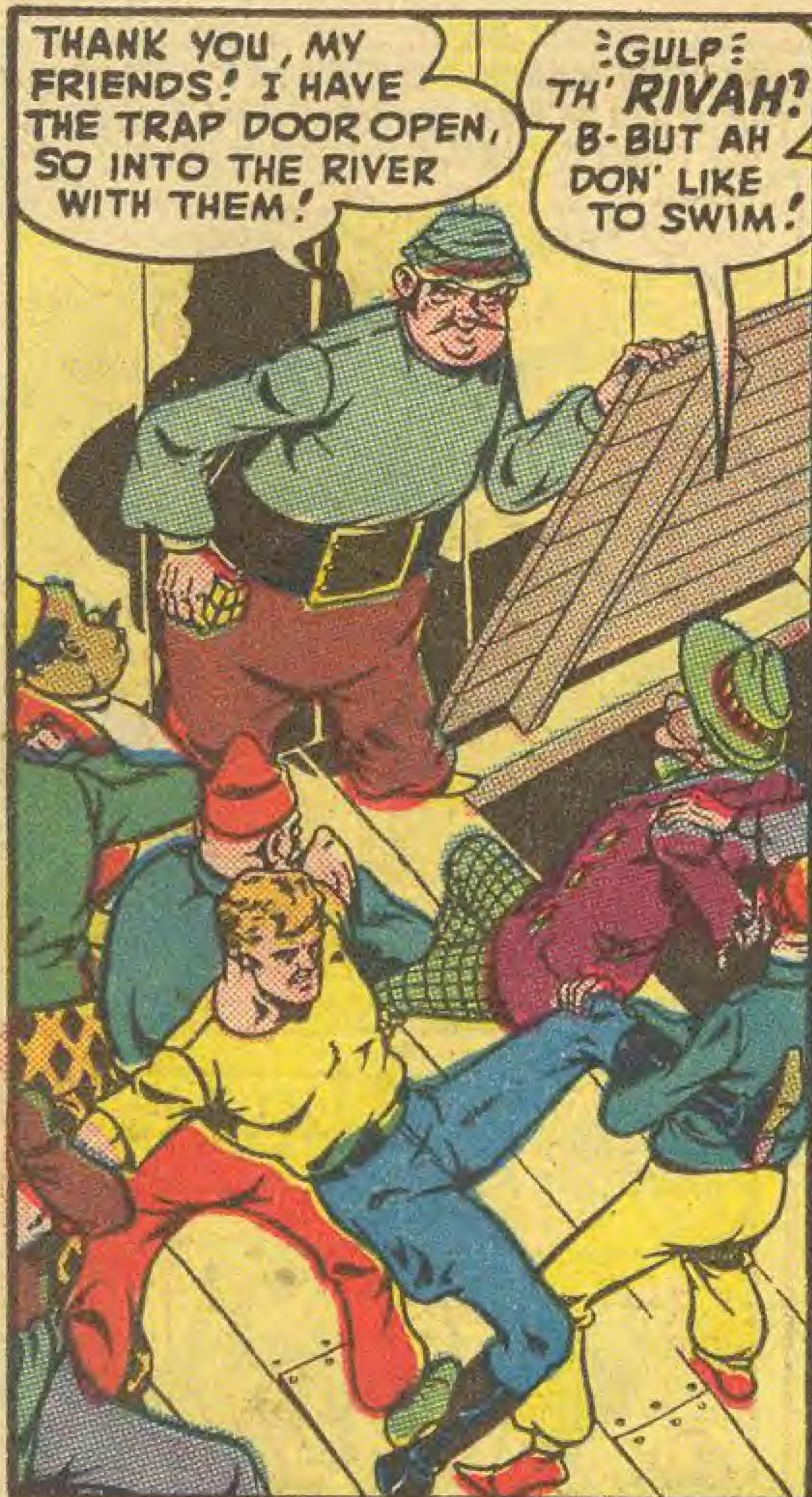


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS





FEATURE COMICS

GRAB YOUR BOX OF JEWELS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

I HAVE THEM! YOU RUN NICE INTERFERENCE, RUSTY!

NOW GET BUSY AND FIND THE GUY WHO GAVE YOU THAT BOX!

YES... AND BY ALLAH, I'M RAISING MY FEE TO HALF OF THOSE JEWELS!

ALABABA! THERE HE IS... TALKING TO ANOTHER FELLOW!



AH! HERE COME THE MEN WHO HOLD YOUR TREASURE! THE MONEY, PLEASE!

JUST A SECOND! THESE JEWELS WERE STOLEN BY A BAND OF THIEVES... AND I'M CLAIMING HALF FOR RECOVERING THEM!

YOU CANNOT!

YOU ARE RIGHT... YOU MUST BE REWARDED BUT YOU CANNOT TAKE HALF MY TREASURE! I WILL GIVE YOU HALF OF THE MONEY I WAS GOING TO GIVE MY FRIEND!

AT'S A GOOD IDEA, ALABABA!

DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL? HMF! I COULD GET TEN TIMES THAT PALTRY SUM!



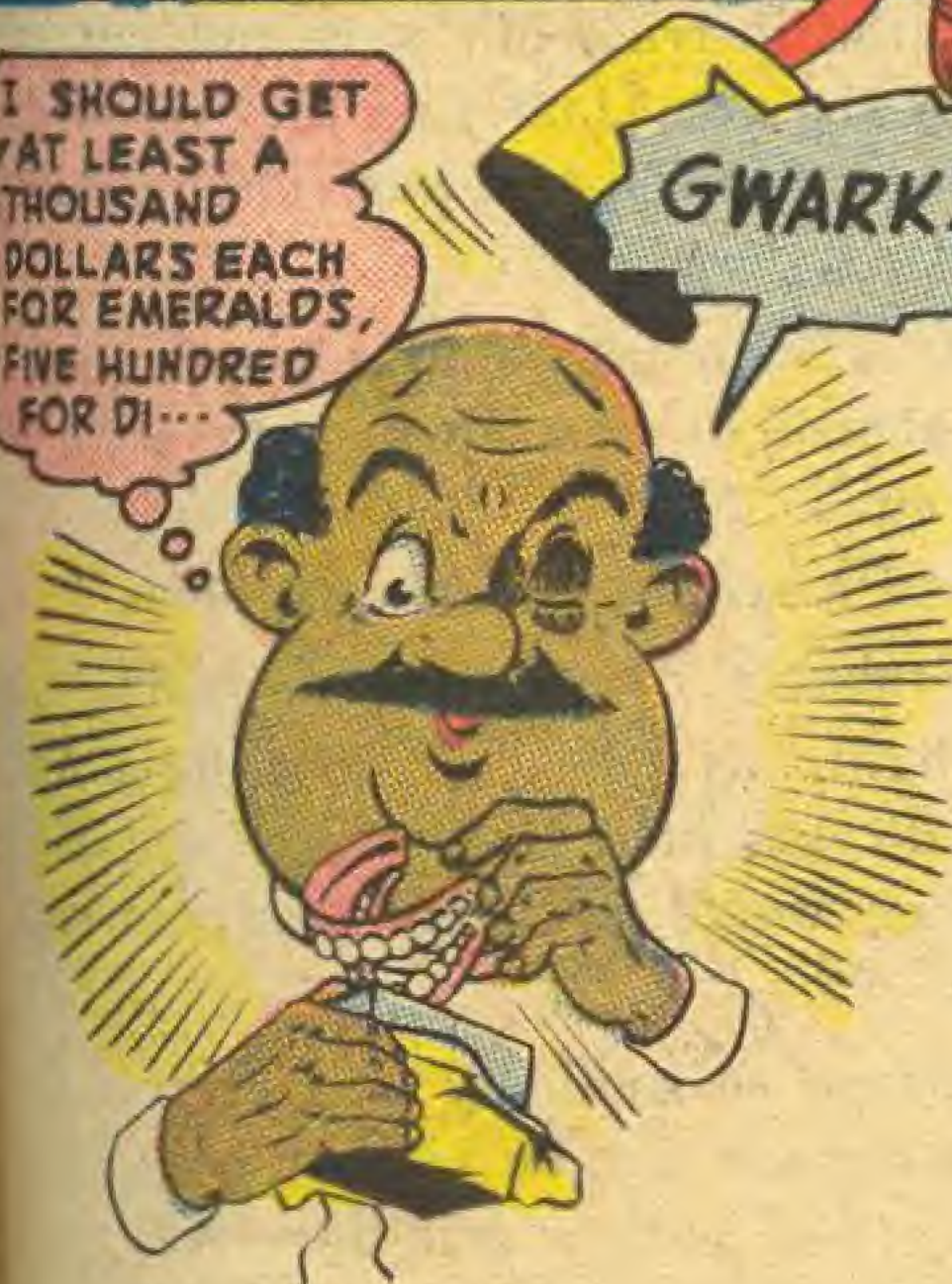
I SHOULD GET AT LEAST A THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH FOR EMERALDS, FIVE HUNDRED FOR DI...

GWARK!

GO AHEAD AND TRY TO SELL THEM! AH... ER... IF YOU WANT TO GET RID OF THEM, YOU CAN GIVE THEM TO ME!

ER... GULP! HOW ABOUT HALF OF WHAT YOU PAID FOR THE UPPERS FOR THESE LOWERS?

HA-HA! HEY, ALABABA, HOW ABOUT FINDING A DENTIST TO PULL OUT YOUR LOWER TEETH? THEN YOU CAN WEAR THEM YOURSELF!



The Light THAT LIED

THROUGH the heavy fog, the lighthouse was invisible. The fog horns and screaming buoys were audible. Just audible. Because thick fog mantles sound as well as light. It was a bad night.

Frieden Island in the North Sea is a place few persons have ever heard of, yet it is one of the most dangerous spots in the seven seas. Here each year scores of ships crash on the sharp rocks. It is said that some of them are never reported on.

"I don't know much about this Frieden Island," said Perry Scott, standing tense at the wheel of his big yacht, *The Syphon*. "I've heard some unhealthy tales about the place, especially about the fellow who keeps the light there. Nordhoff, I think his name is. A weird chap from all accounts. Not exactly to be trusted."

Scott's first mate, Seegers, said: "Then why do they have a guy like that operating the light? Seems to me a lightkeeper should be an unquestioned man."

Scott nodded. "Yes, so it does. But it seems Nordhoff's family has owned the island for a great many years, and each head of the family transfers the lightkeeping to the elder male of the family as the generations get past work."

Seegers grunted. "One of those things, huh?"

"I'd like to pay this Nordhoff a little visit," said Scott after a moment. "Maybe we'll find a way to do it."

When they were well past Frieden Island, the fog began to lift, and every man aboard drew a breath of relief. Nothing is as trying as fog to a seaman. It's almost as bad as waiting for a torpedo to hit, according to sailors of the war.

When the fog had dissipated itself in the bright sunshine, the sea was clean and clear. The North Sea is seldom that way. Usually cold and dismal, it is a body of water unliked by most seafaring men but one that must be traversed a great deal by freighter captains because of its numerous ports.

The Syphon leaped along with a bit in its teeth. The crew relaxed their past vigilance and began whistling ditties.

Capt. Scott stayed at the wheel for a moment, then turned it over to another.

"Hold her on an even course, Stebbins."

"Aye, sir."

Toward evening one of those freak storms drew down over the sea and closed off the light as if a bottle of ink had been spilled. It came on to blow. And then the rain fell. It didn't fall in the strictest sense of the word; rather, it flowed down the channels of heaven in great oceans.

The wind rose, roaring and screaming and pitching the yacht in a terrific twisting effort to turn it over and inside out. But *The Syphon* was built to withstand all sorts of weather and rode fairly easy.

The storm broke about eight, with a terrible zig-zag play of lightning and thunder such as is seldom heard. The radio went out about nine, and Sparks could not get a peep over it. He worked frantically to get it in order, but the pitching of the boat kept him too busy to do a good job. After getting it going, he crashed into it again and broke a lot of gadgets loose.

Several of the instruments were put out of commission by the great buffeting they received, and pretty soon *The Syphon* was running with the sea—a stray, lost.

Capt. Scott was in his cabin when the man at the wheel phoned down: "Light to the starb'd two points, sir."

"Good. Hold a straight course, Stebbins."

A light! Probably Frieden Island Light.

Well, any light was a good one in a storm. All they had to do was hold their course and slip on south. They would probably soon run out of the storm.

It all happened so suddenly that every man on board *The Syphon* was hurled in a heap. The yacht struck a reef with a grinding crash and began listing almost immediately. The engineer

FEATURE COMICS

came running up to report that a huge hole was stove in the craft's bow and the sea was gushing into the holds.

Capt. Scott became the master. "All hands on deck!" he bellowed into the public address system. There were only six altogether, and they were soon lined up on the aft deck.

"Launch the sub," ordered Scott. "We'll never be able to live this out. She's grinding to pieces on the reef!"

The Syphon carried a strange looking submarine, the invention of Perry Scott during war days when he used it in various secret tasks for the government. It was an odd looking submersible, unlike the conventional type in almost every respect.

This undersea craft safely carried ten men and could sink fast as a plummet or rise just as fast. Under water she was a veritable greyhound for speed, with an official record of 42 miles an hour.

Scott had just installed special atomic engines which gave the U-boat enormous power without having to carry a great deal of surplus weight.

They got her overside just as *The Syphon* leaned to a 30 degree angle and was ready to go under. All hands boarded and Scott pressed the AHEAD lever. The sub shot away from the wreck. Just in time, too. The yacht, lifted by the bow, then shot below with a great whooshing noise.

The sub sank almost as fast, following the course of the yacht on down to the bottom, which was about thirty fathoms.

Scott said as he eased the sub to a stop on the mud. "I'll just see if it is possible to bring her up later."

The yacht settled upright, caught between two huge rocks. A good enough place, and it would be fairly easy to grapple her and lift her.

While they watched, checking position, a strange thing happened. A small tank-like thing came creeping along the ocean floor, halted at the wreck, and out piled three men in diving suits. They clumped directly to the yacht, with bright lights trained on her side.

"Now what the devil is that?" cried Perry.

"Divers!" gasped one of the crew. "And how

do you like that undersea tank?"

"But where did they come from?" Stebbins demanded. "Would seem like they were waiting down here for *The Syphon* to settle."

"I think you have something there," said Capt. Scott. "They haven't seen us. We'll watch and follow them."

Scott drew the sub a bit farther into the gloomy water and stopped. Soon the three divers reappeared from the deck of the yacht carrying a heavy box—the ship's strong box.

"Hm!" grunted Scott. "They think there's valuables in there. They'll get fooled—in more ways than one. Follow them when their tank takes off."

The tank was soon under way, the sub close behind. For a half mile the chase went, then the tank stopped and the divers got out. They were in an undersea cave. Pretty soon the divers entered a steel door, which closed on them.

"Into your suits, boys. We'll make a pinch."

Dressed in special diving suits, the six men opened the steel door and found themselves in a waterlock. They pressed a lever and the water quickly was pumped out. Now they found an elevator. In a moment they were going upward.

The car stopped above ground.

"Just as I thought," said Scott. "Frieden Island. Look at the light."

They looked. It was far to the south. It should be directly west of them. The light was a false one, put on to misdirect ships to ruin.

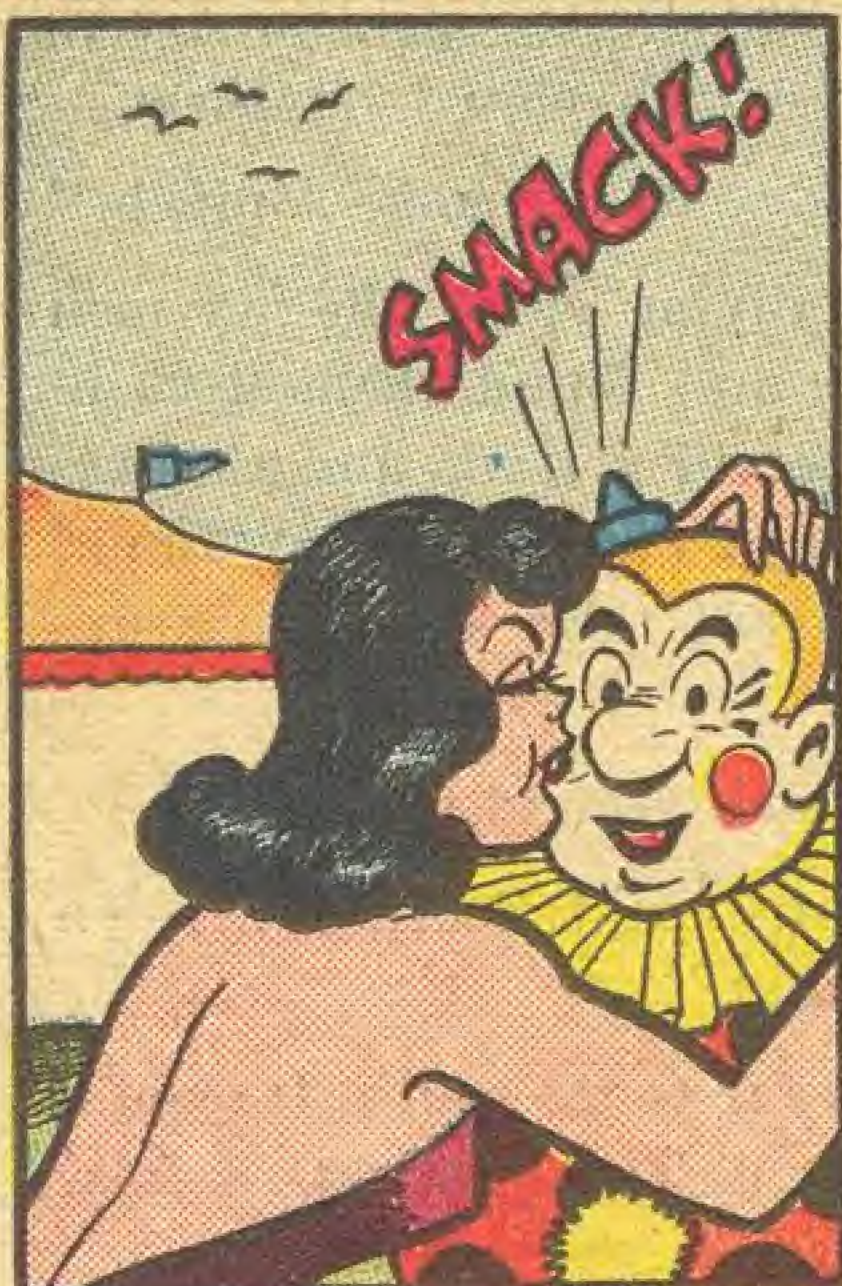
The six men sneaked up to a big stone house on the middle of the island. One light gleamed from a window. They peered through. The three divers, out of their suits, were working at the locked box.

Capt. Scott drew his revolver and broke the glass. "Hold it, boys!" he commanded. "Don't move if you want to live for a decent trial."

It was as simple as that. Caught flat-footed, there was nothing for them to do. The three men were Nordhoff and his two sons. The house was stored full of plunder—the plunder from many ships they had sent to their doom with false lights.

The case made great newspaper history and elevated Capt. Scott to greater eminence.

BIG TOP

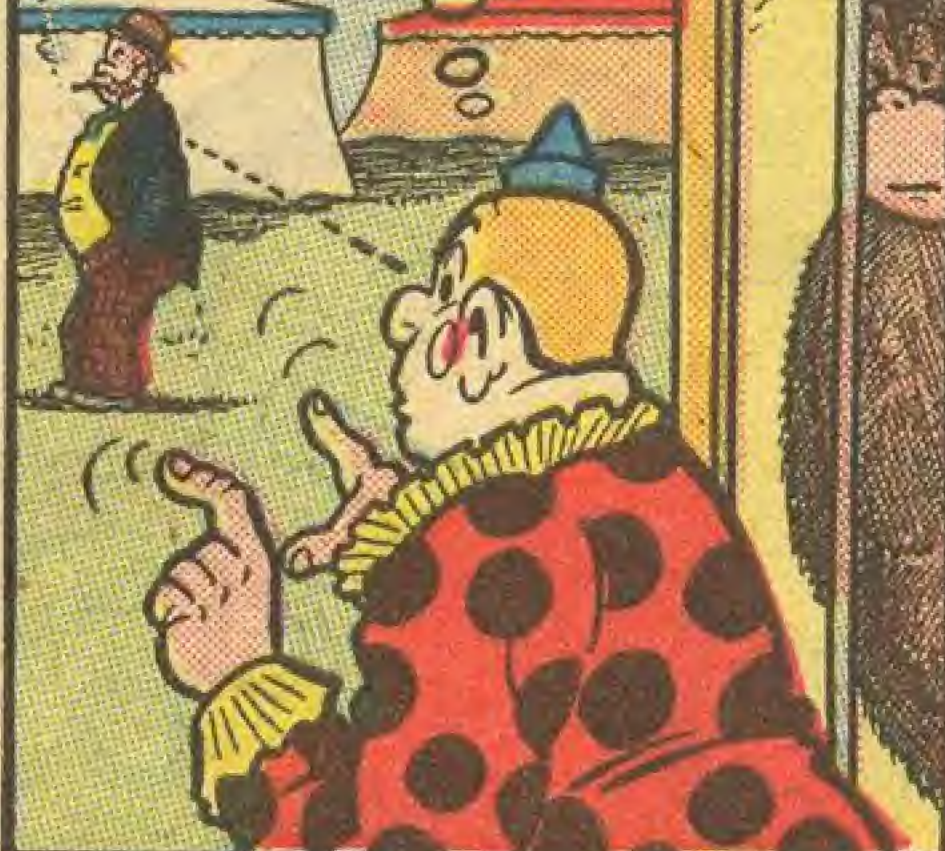


BIG TOP

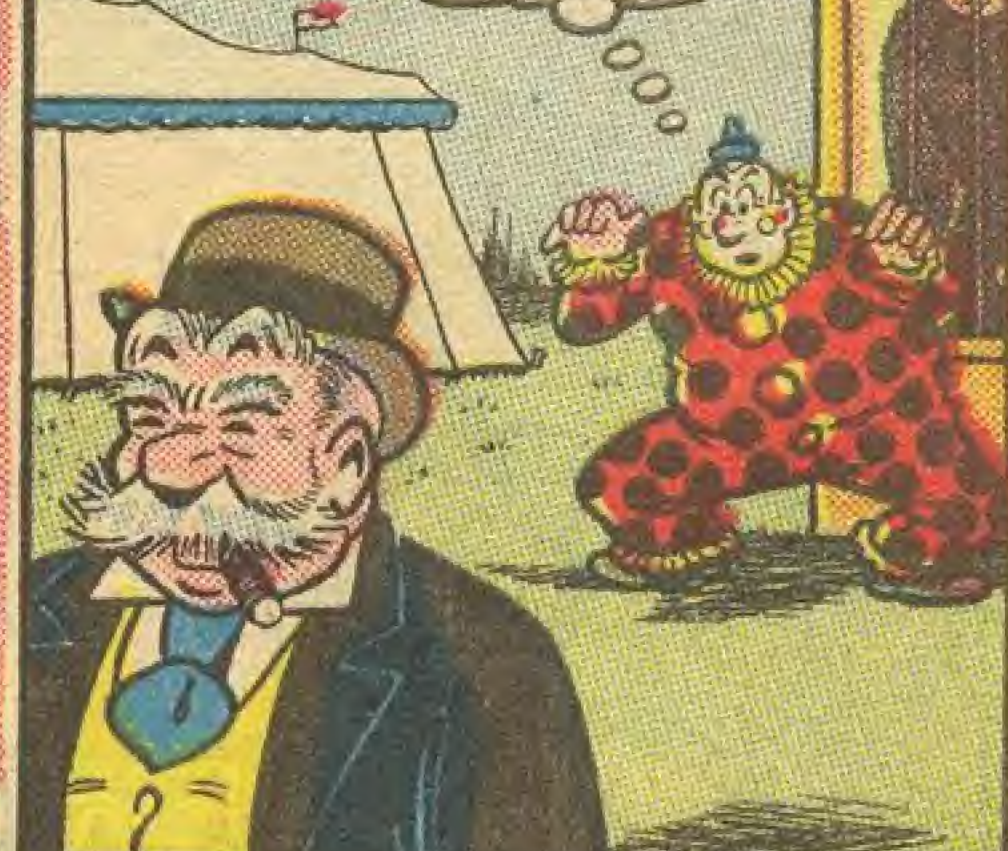
IT SAYS HERE THAT IF ONE'S POWERS OF **MENTAL TELEPATHY** ARE STRONGLY DEVELOPED, YOU CAN ALMOST **MAKE OTHERS DO WHAT YOU WANT 'EM TO!**



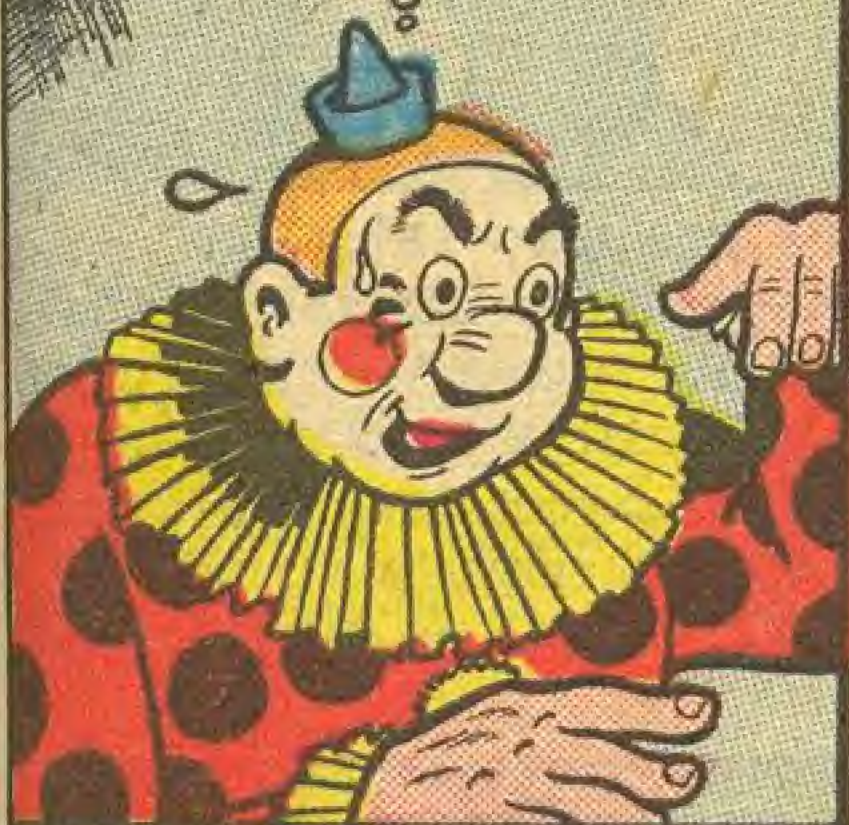
BUTCH, BOSS!
BUTCH...GOOD
OL' BUTCH, WHO
YOU'RE GONNA
GIVE A RAISE
TO!



YOU REALIZE THAT
YOU LIKE GOOD
OL' BUTCH AND
YOU'RE GONNA GIVE
HIM A NICE, BIG
RAISE, DON'TCHA?



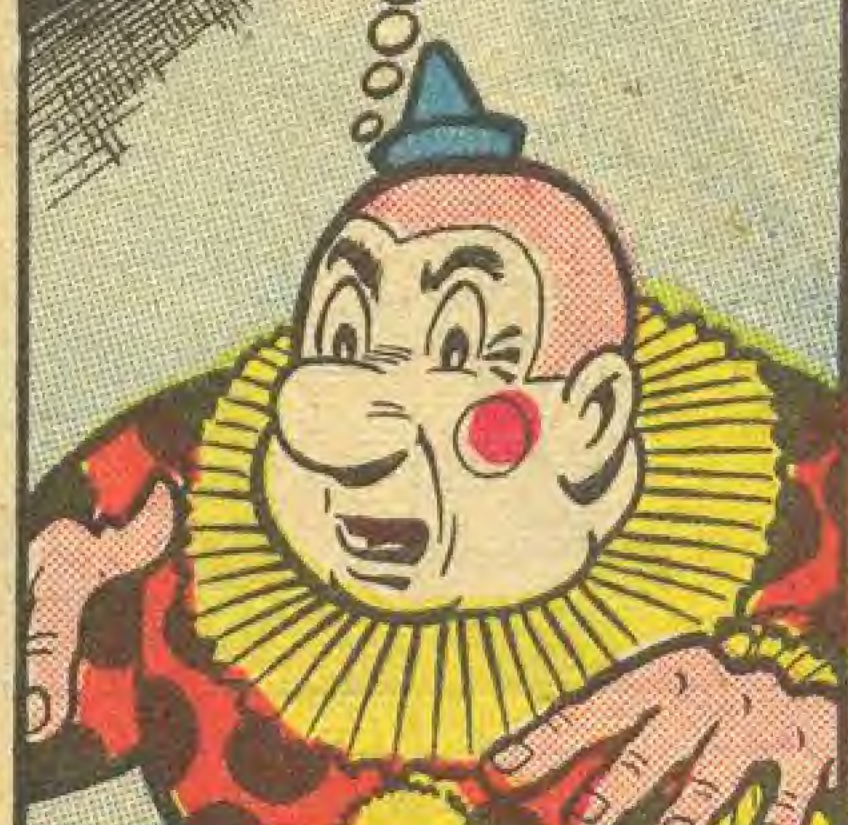
IN FACT, YOU DON'T
JUST **LIKE** BUTCH...
YOU **LOVE**
HIM!



YES, SIR, YOU LOVE
OL' BUTCH LIKE HE
WAS YOUR OWN
BROTHER!



MORE THAN THAT!
YOU LOVE
HIM LIKE HE WAS
YOUR OWN **LITTLE**
CHILD!



WOT
TH..?

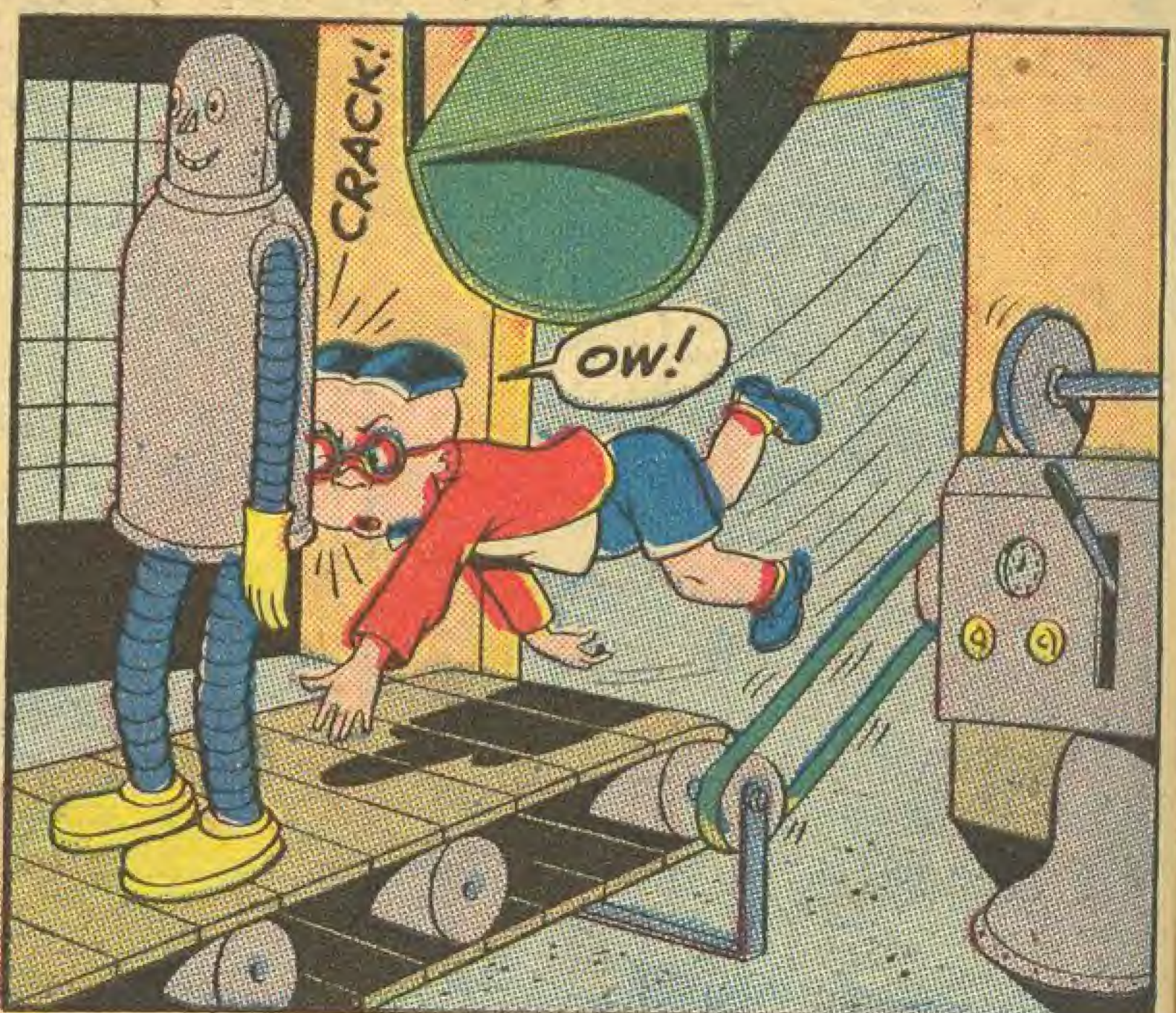
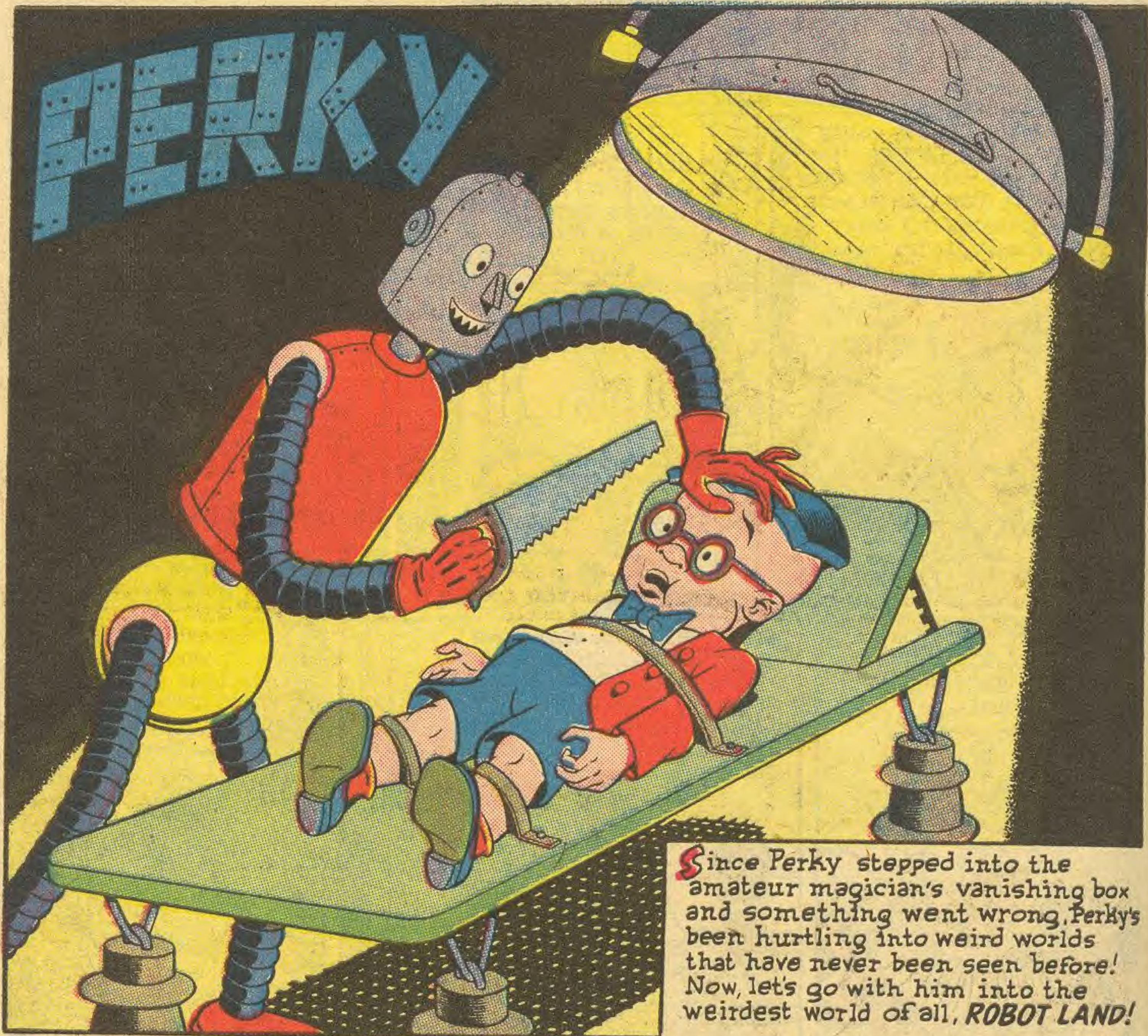


★!! *La* ★
#*#!?!
I MUSTA GOT
TH'WRONG
WAVE LENGTH!

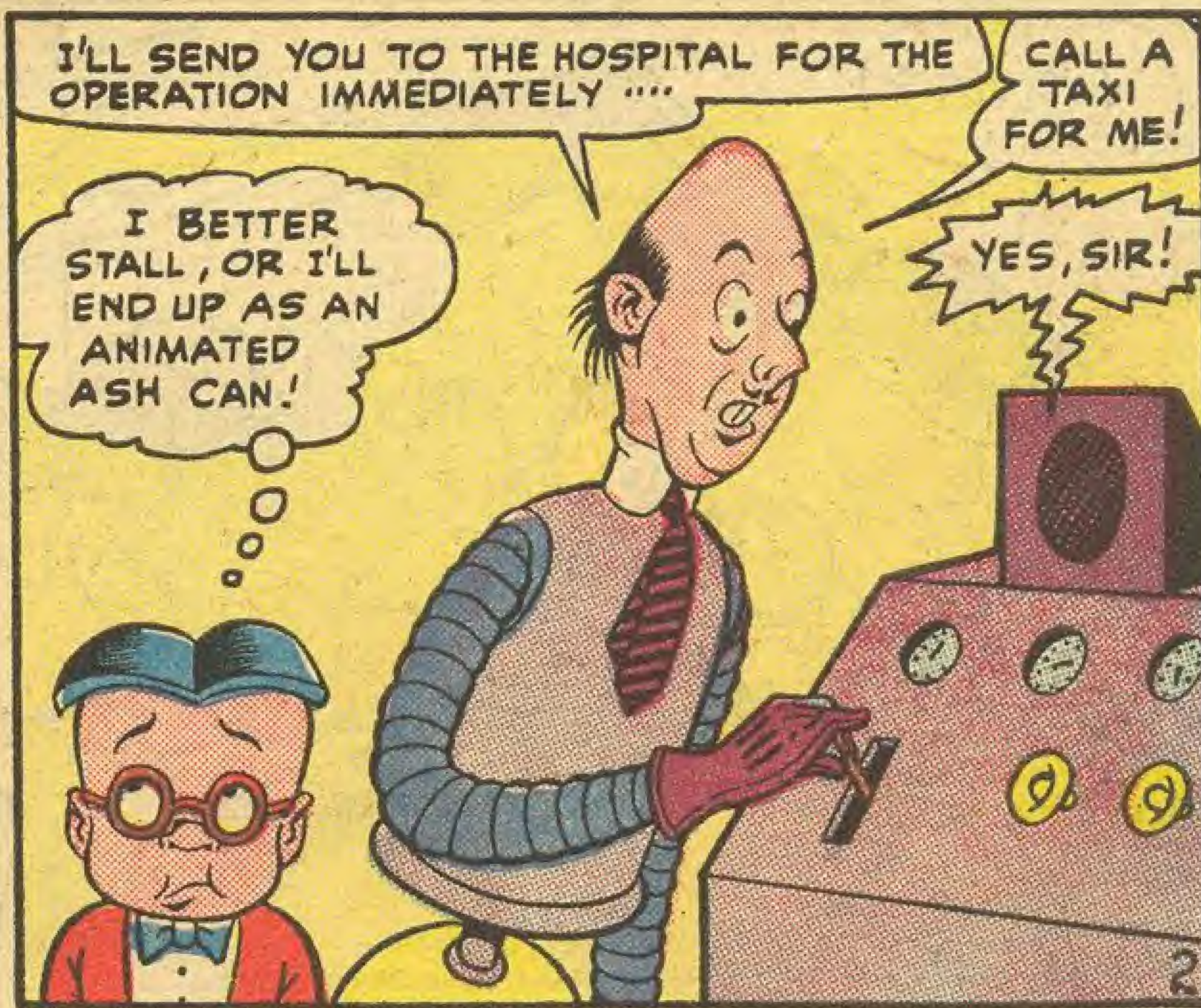
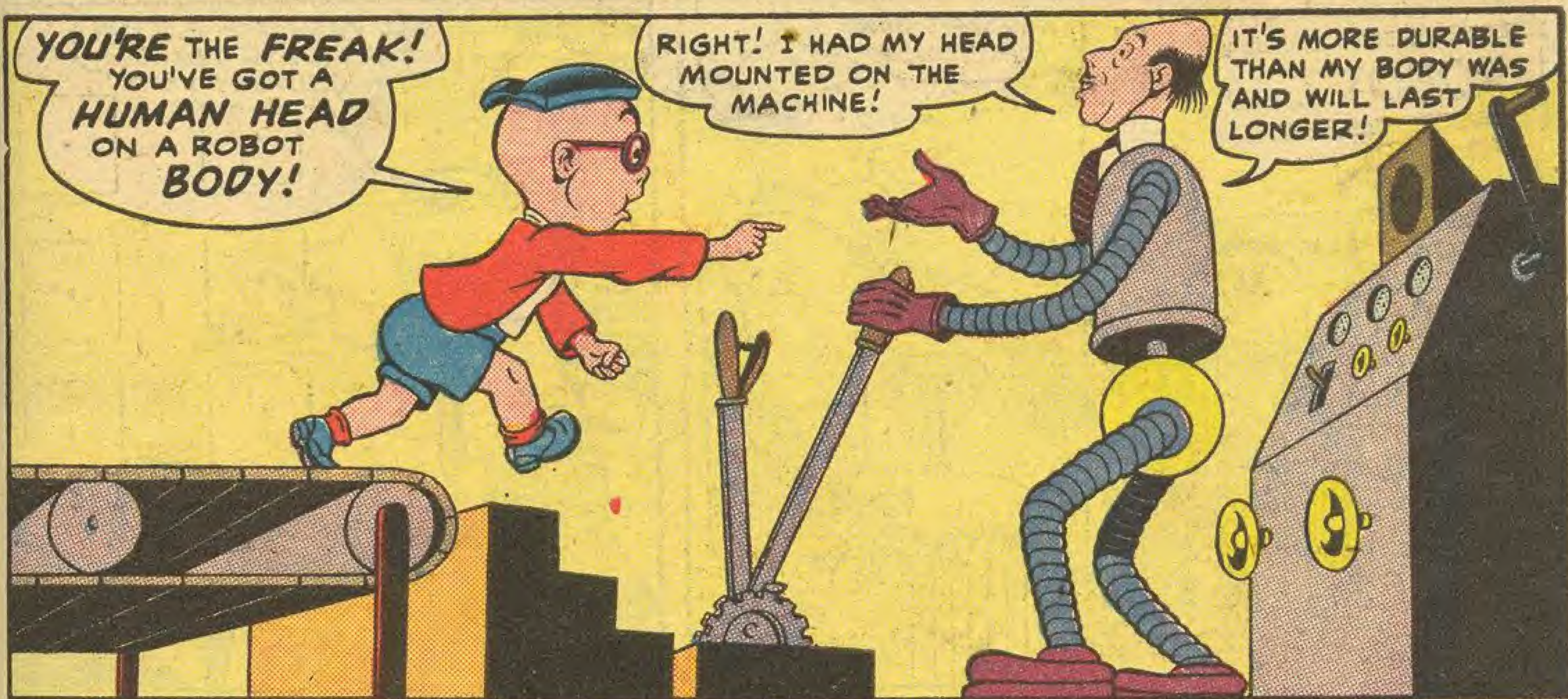
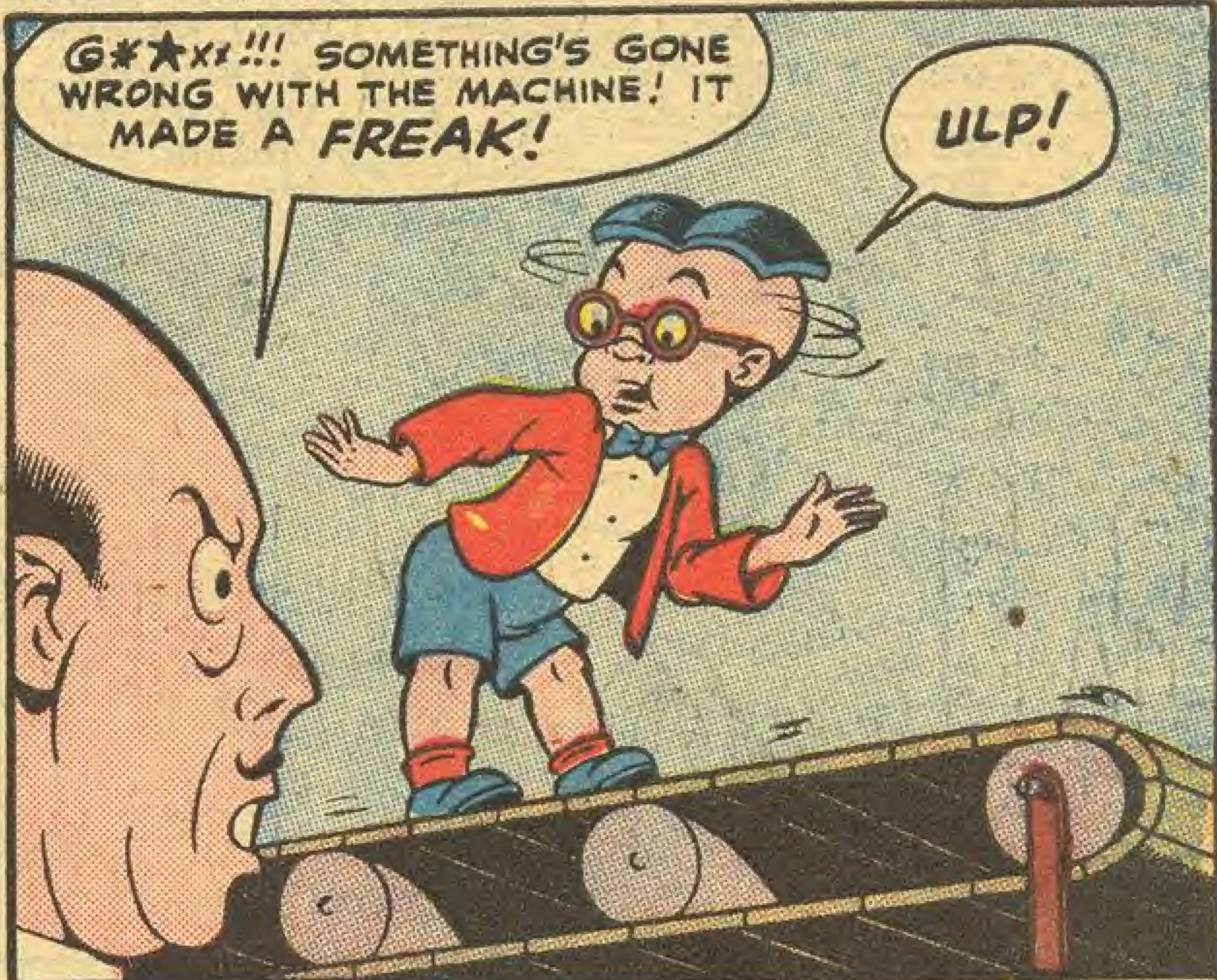
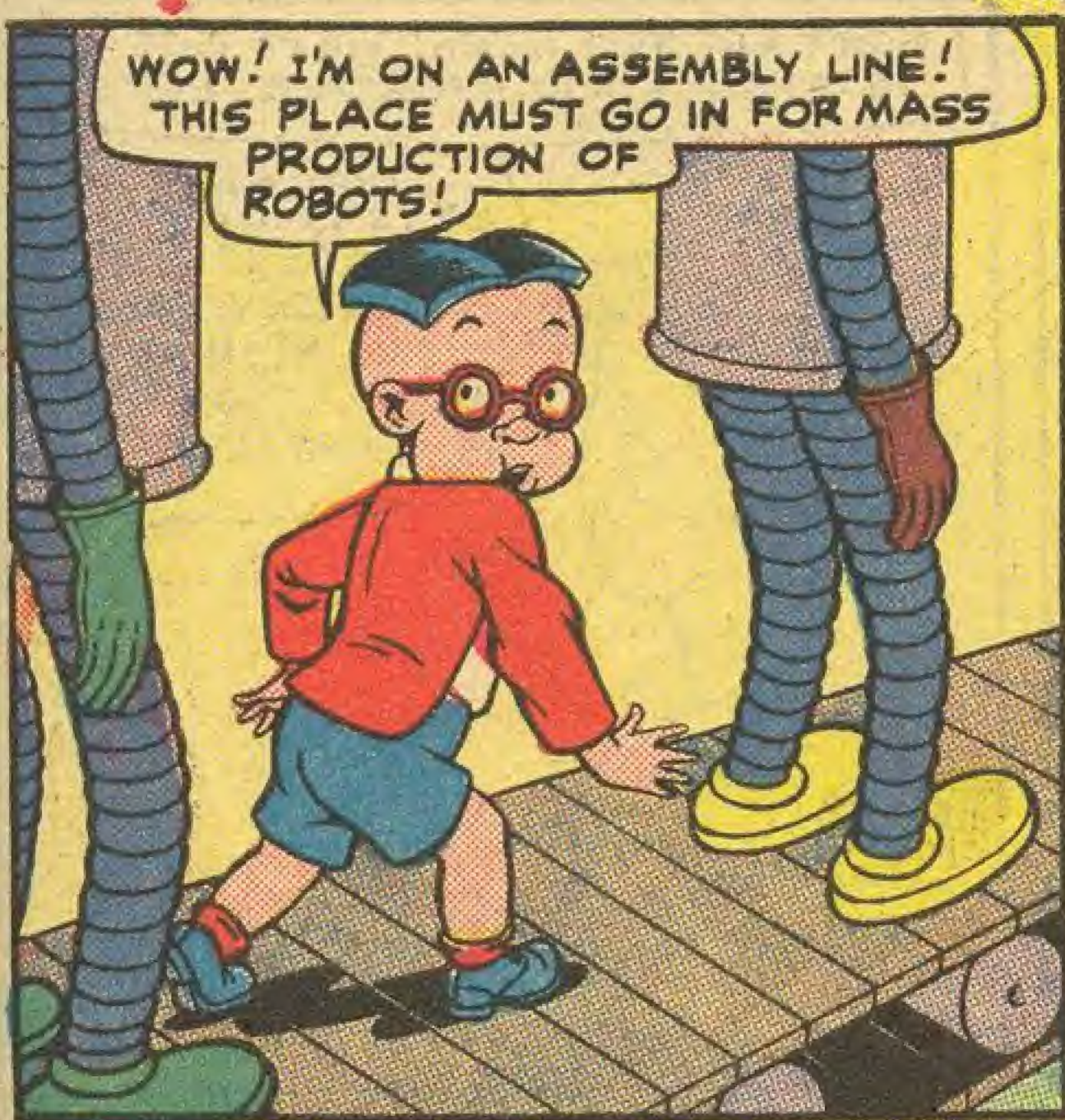


OOK...OCK
OCKLE-URK!*

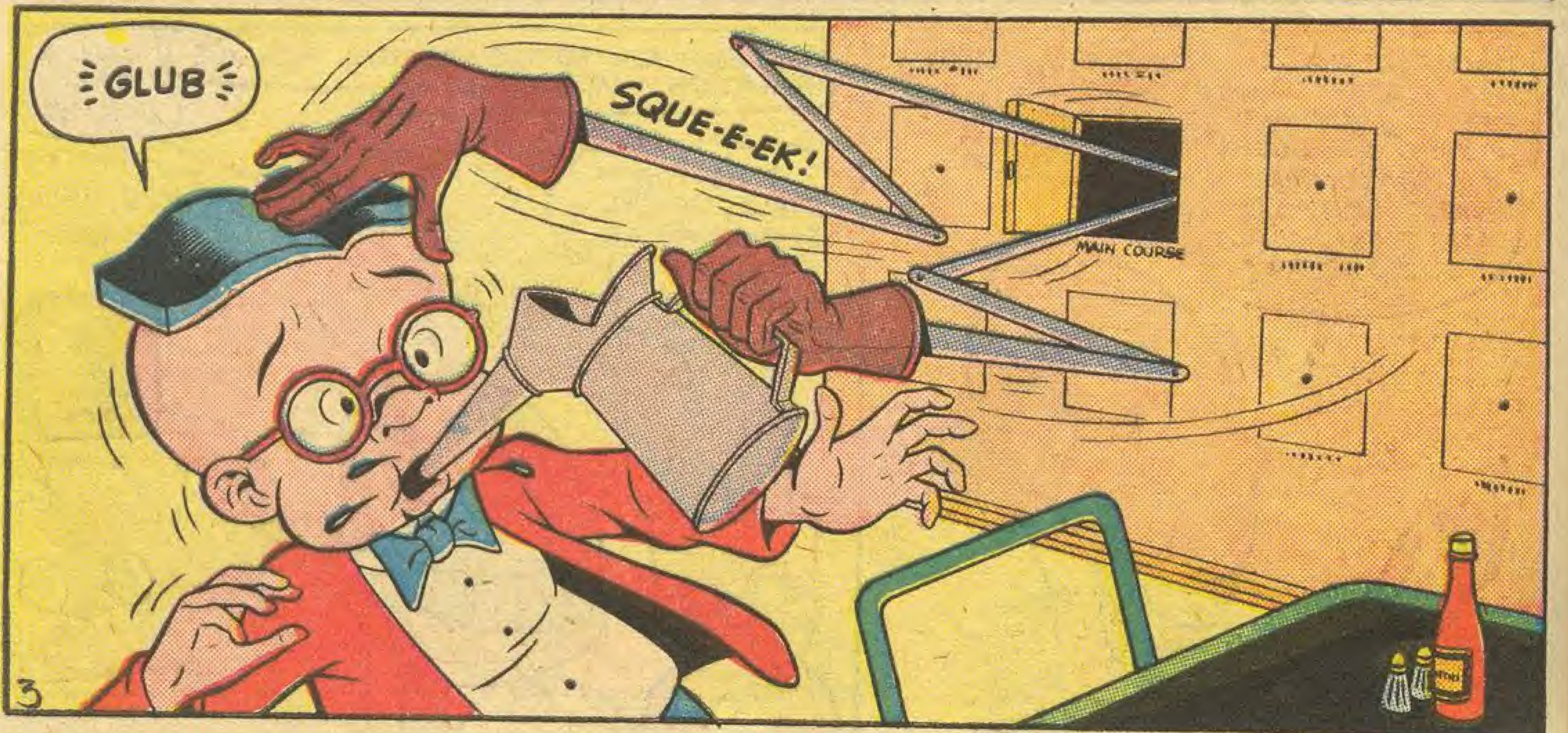
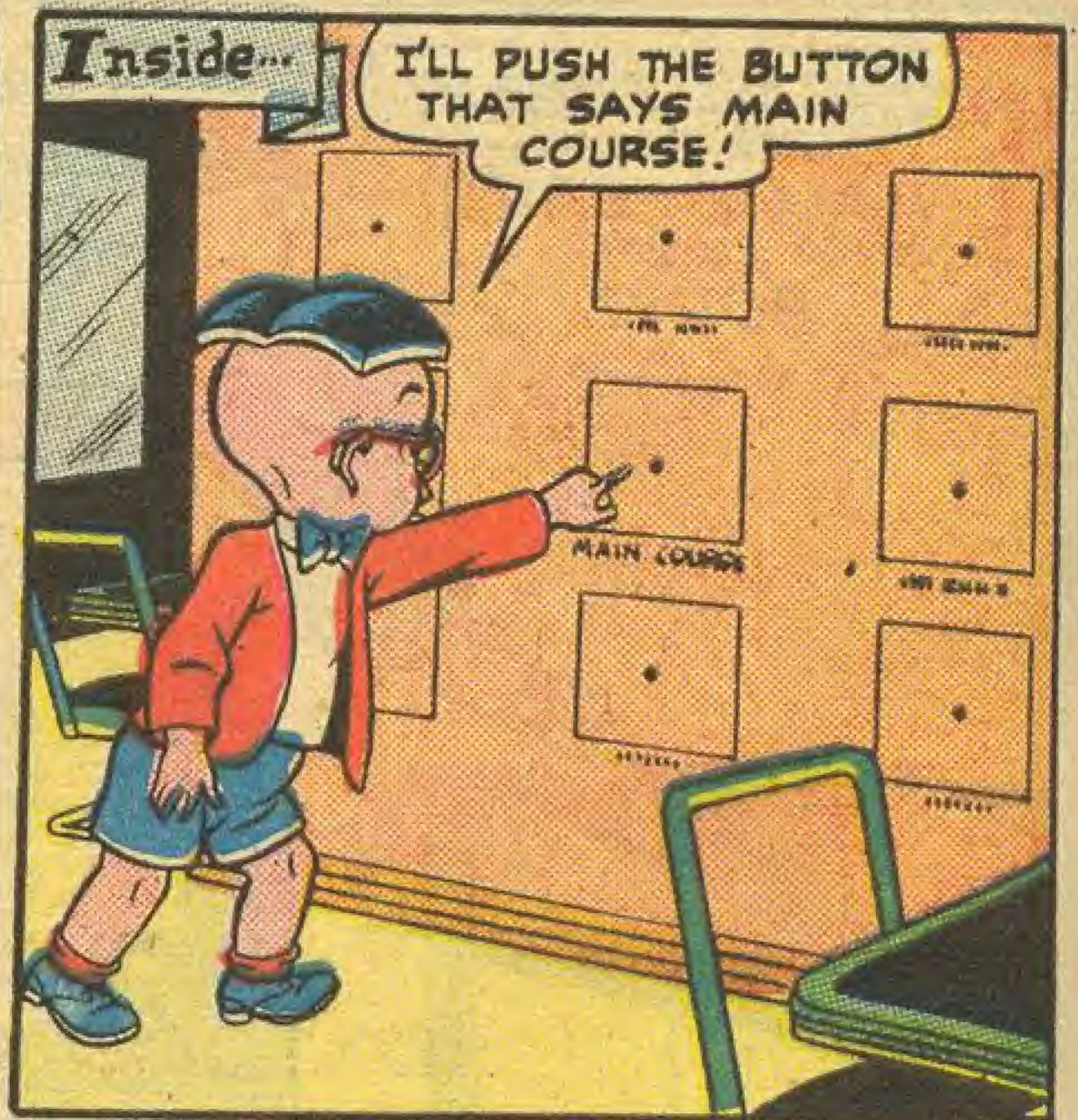
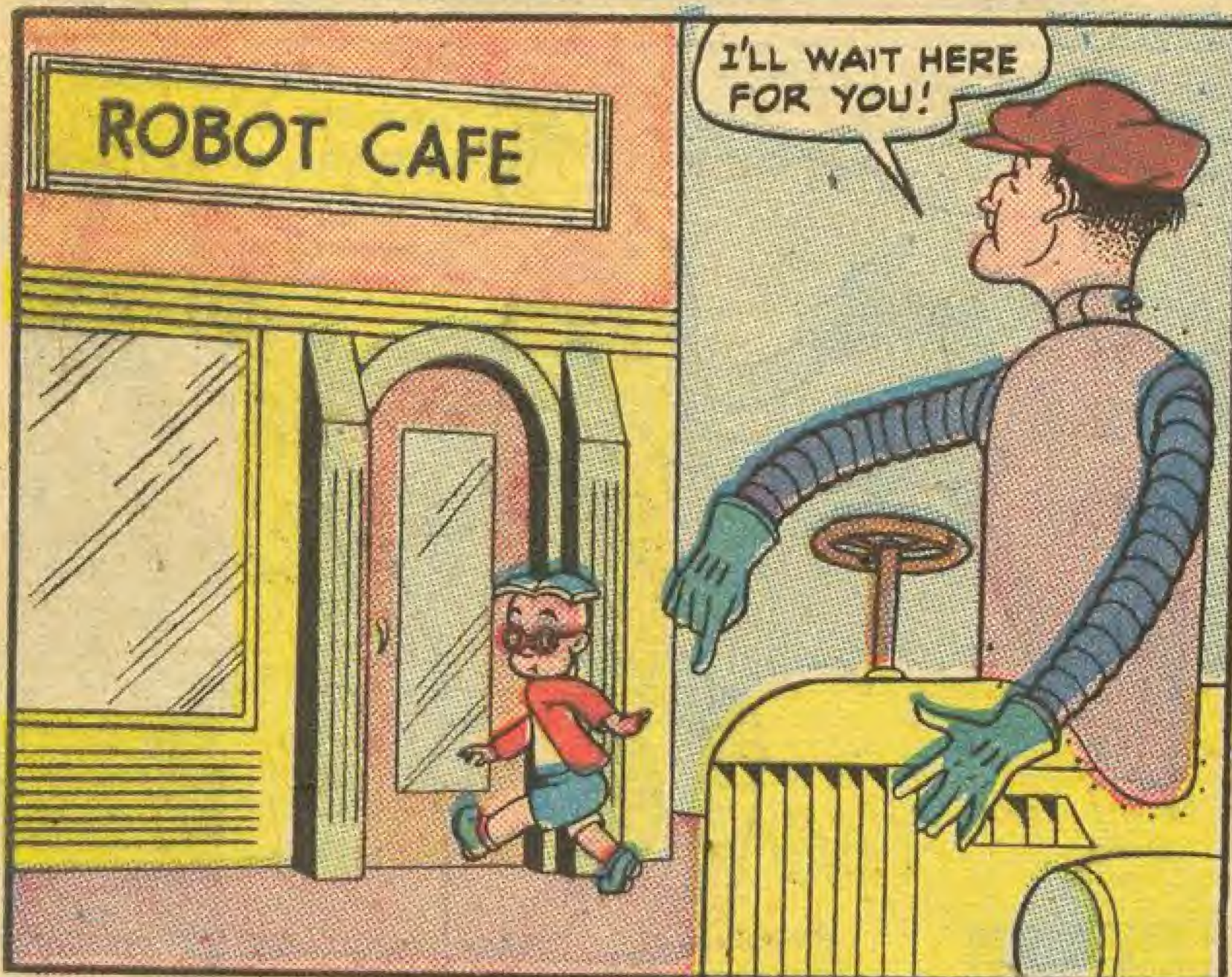
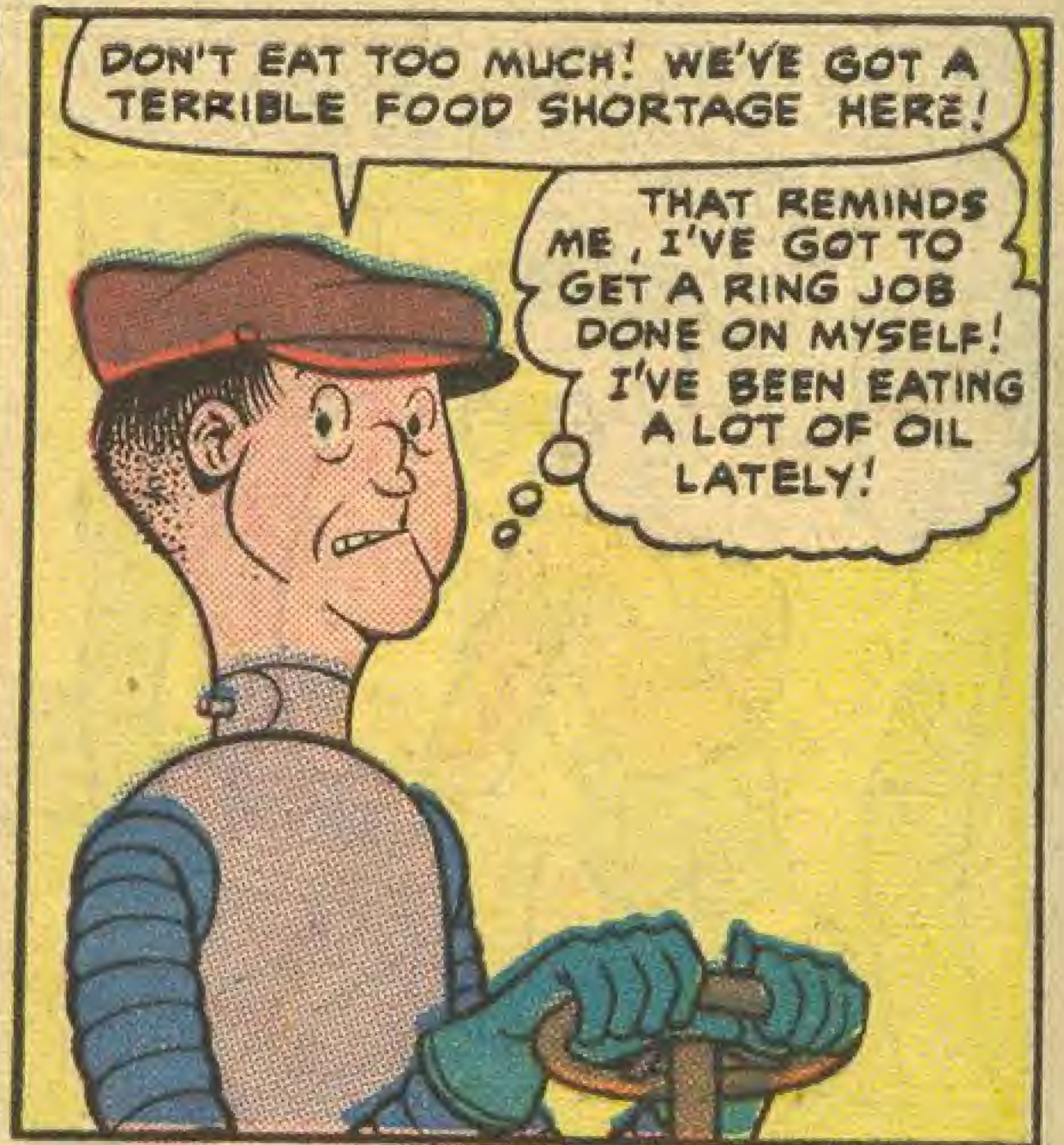
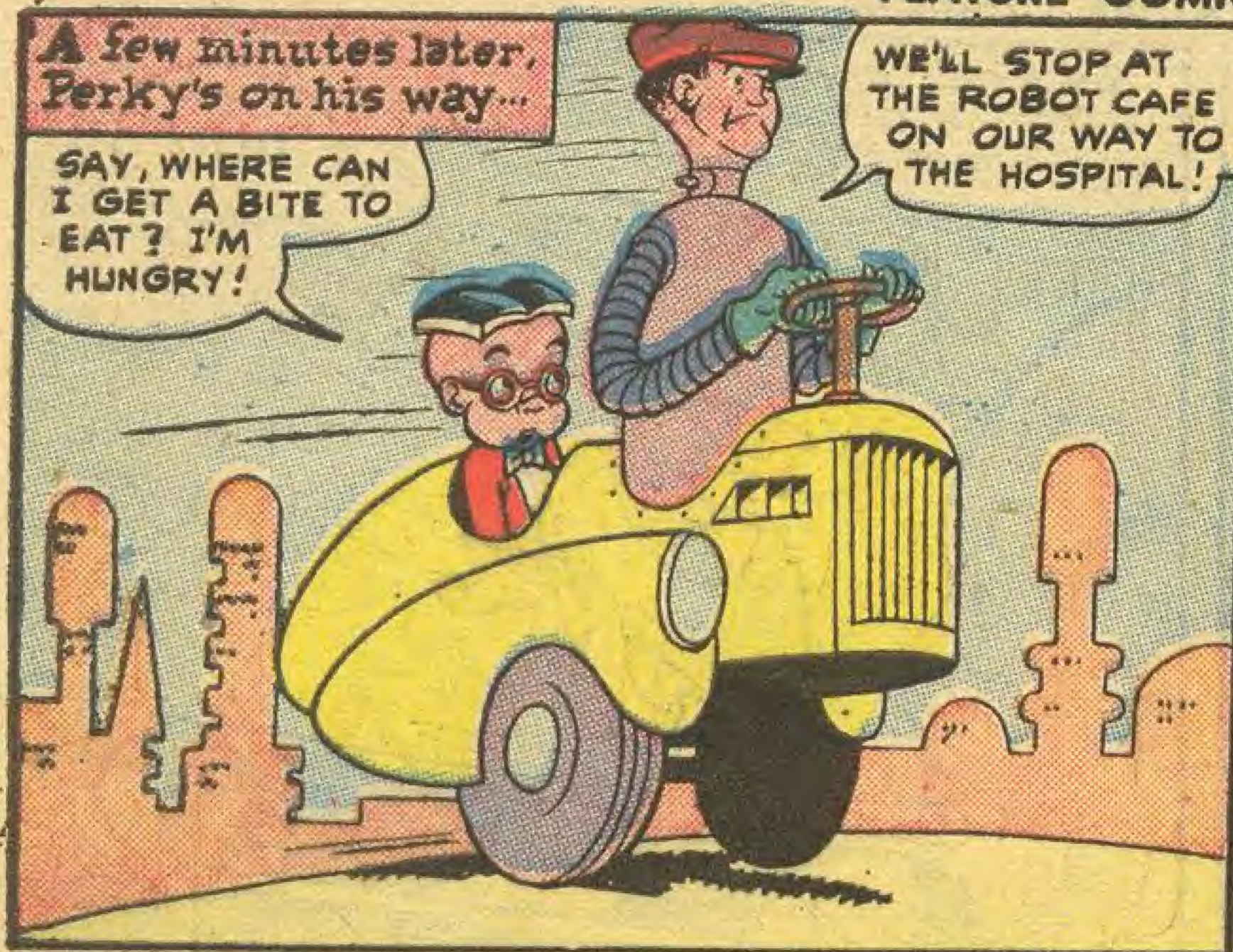
* TRANSLATION... "ROCK A BYE BABY ♪♪"



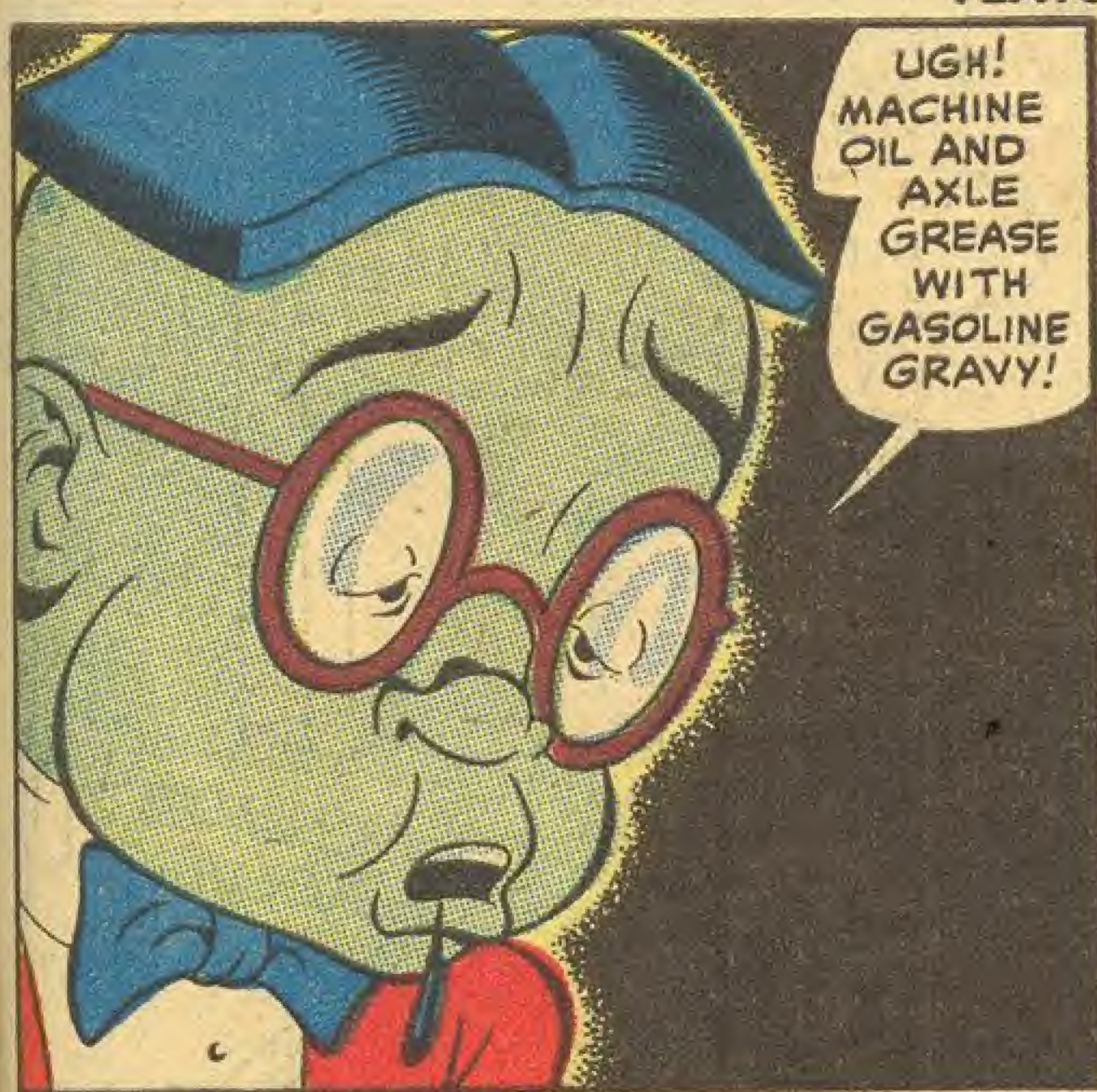
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



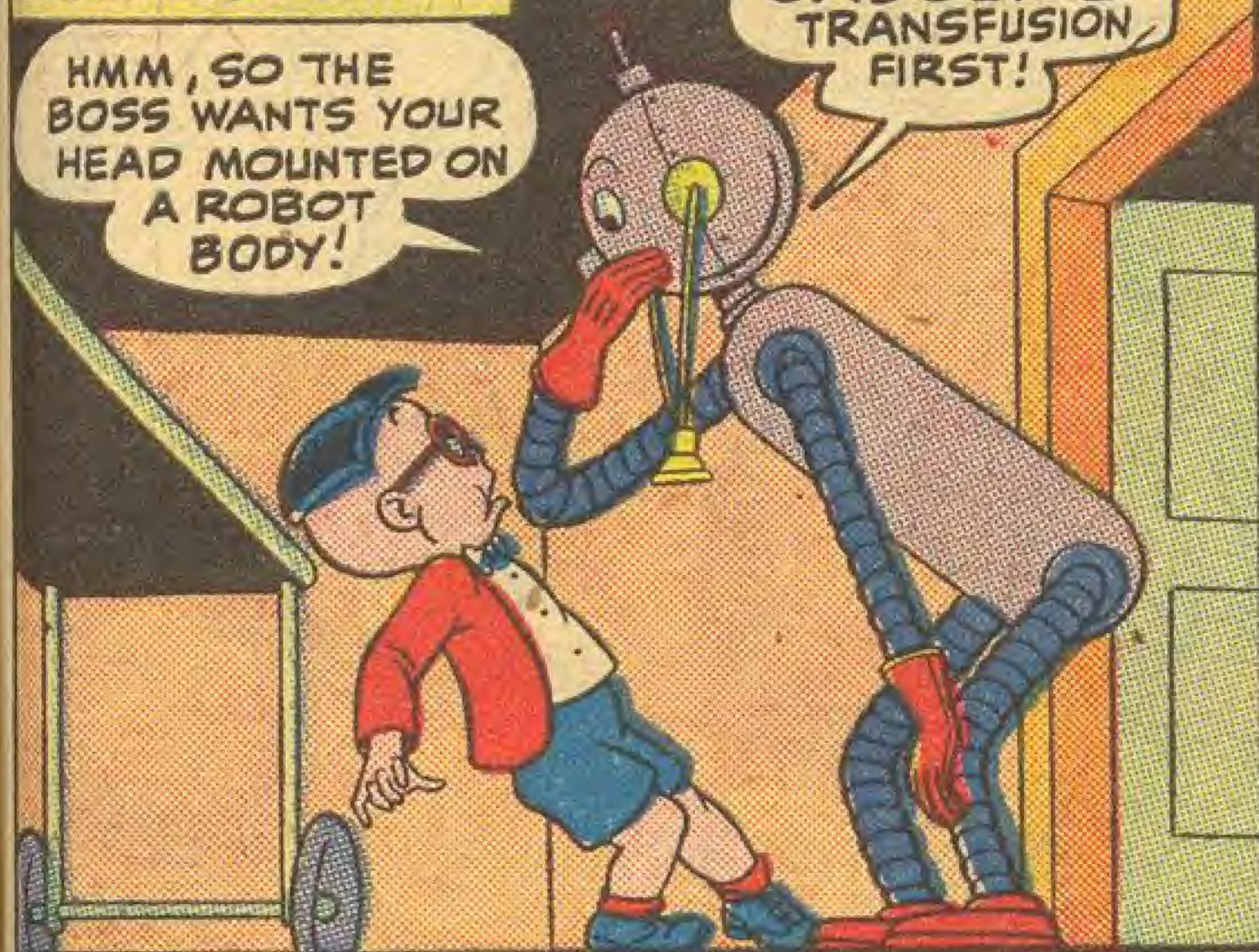
FEATURE COMICS



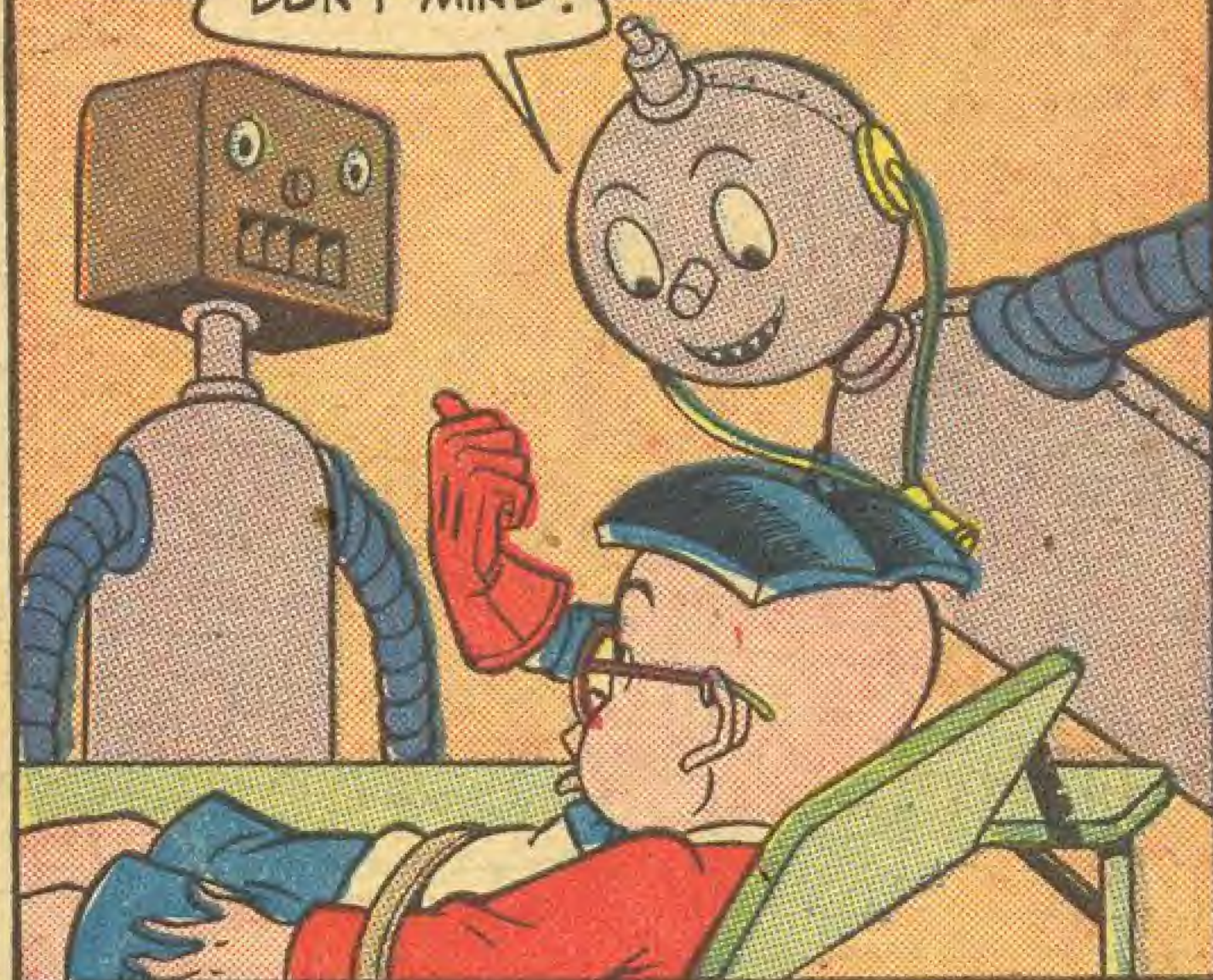
At THE HOSPITAL,
THE ROBOT DOCTOR
EXAMINES PERKY...

HMM, SO THE
BOSS WANTS YOUR
HEAD MOUNTED ON
A ROBOT
BODY!

I'LL HAVE TO STRAP YOU
ON THE TABLE FOR A
GASOLINE
TRANSFUSION
FIRST!



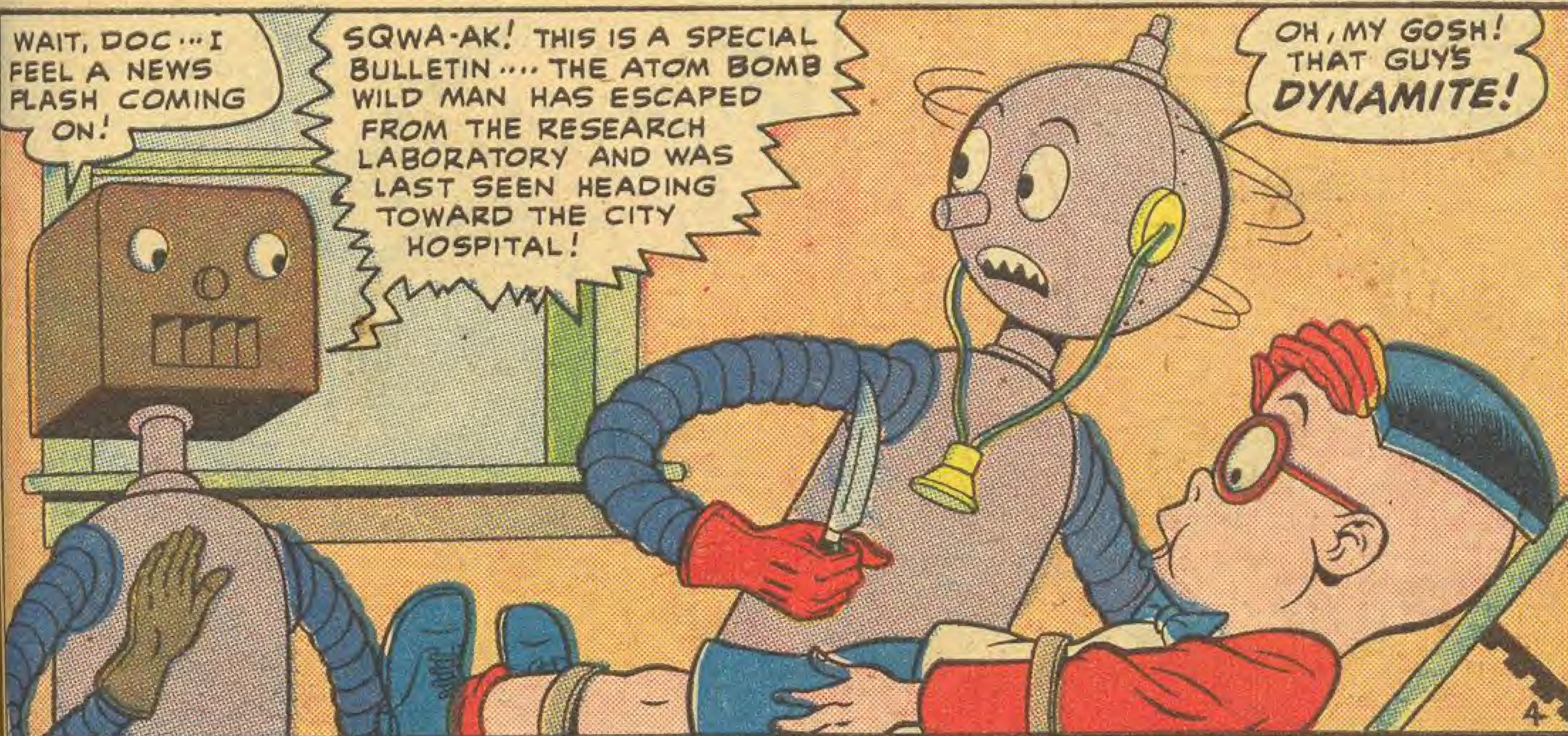
WE'RE SHORT OF NURSES, SO I'M USING
THIS RADIO MAN! I HOPE YOU
DON'T MIND!

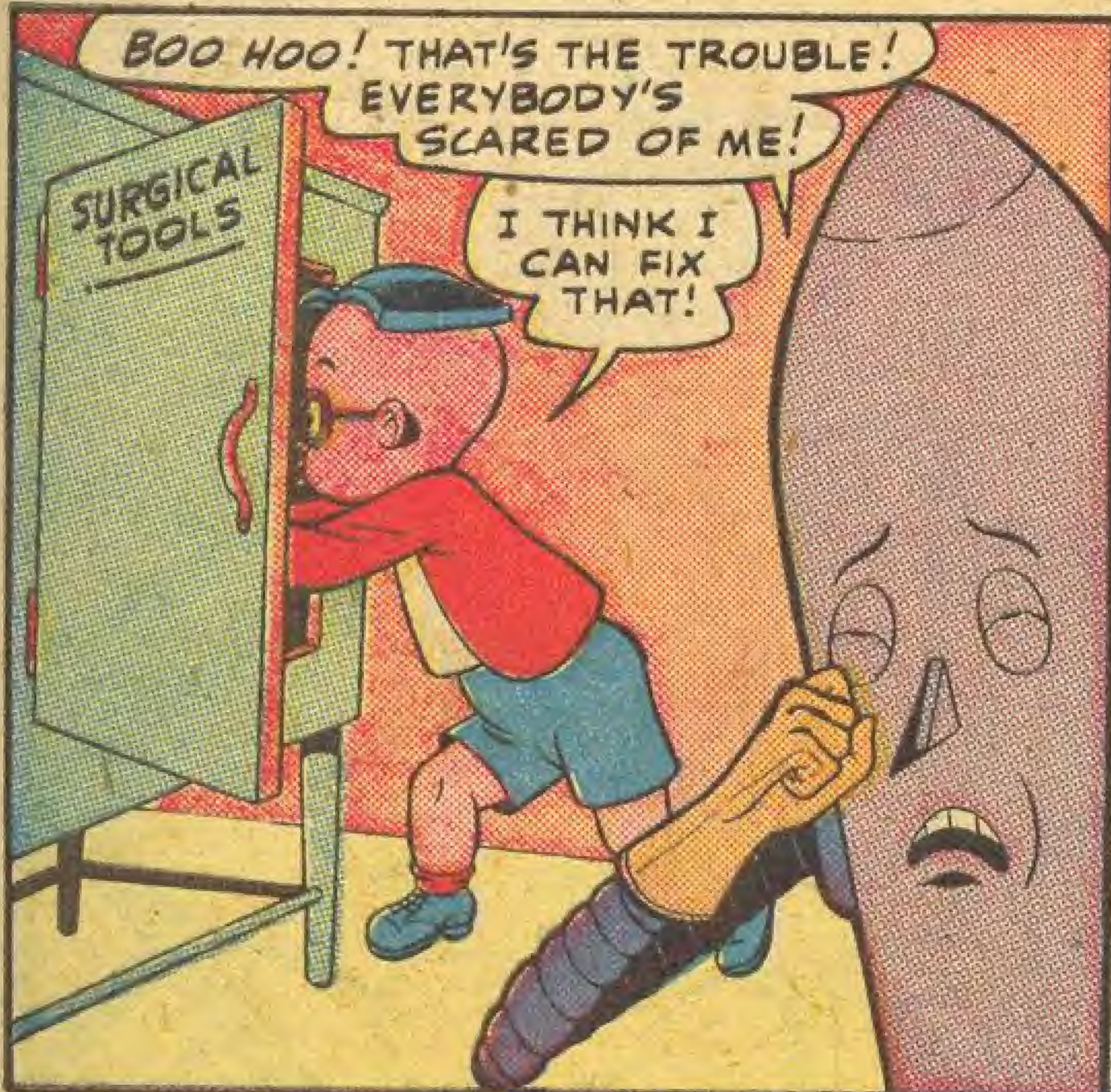
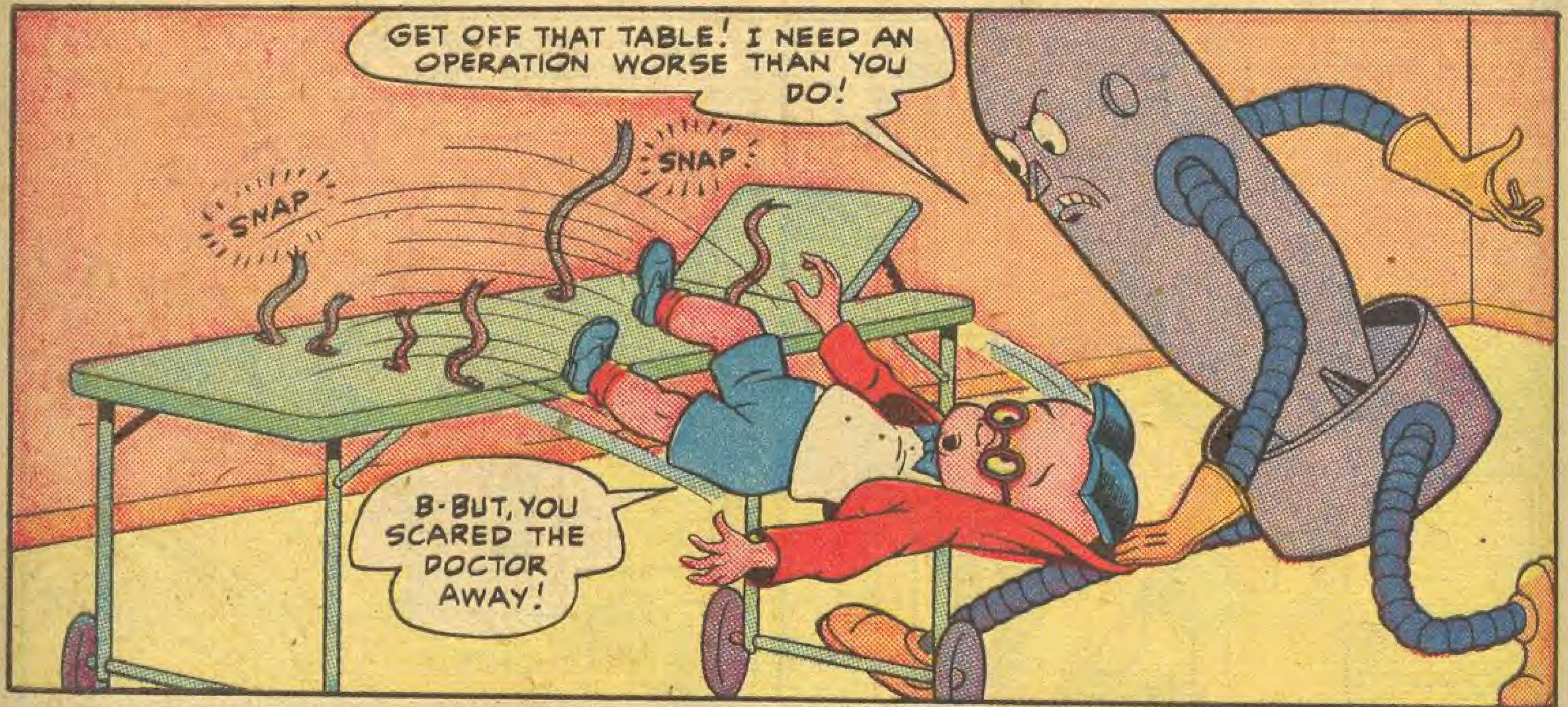
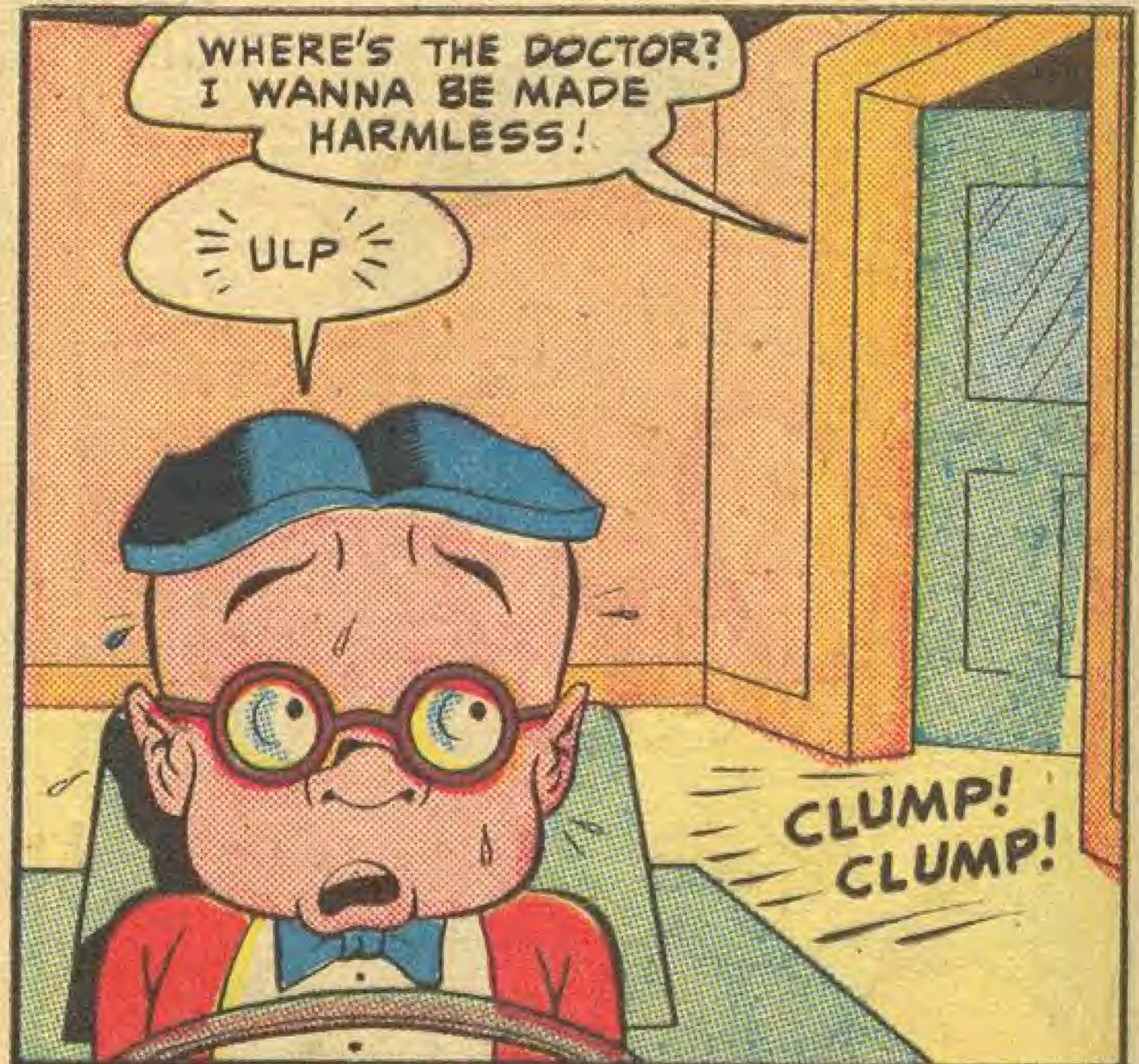
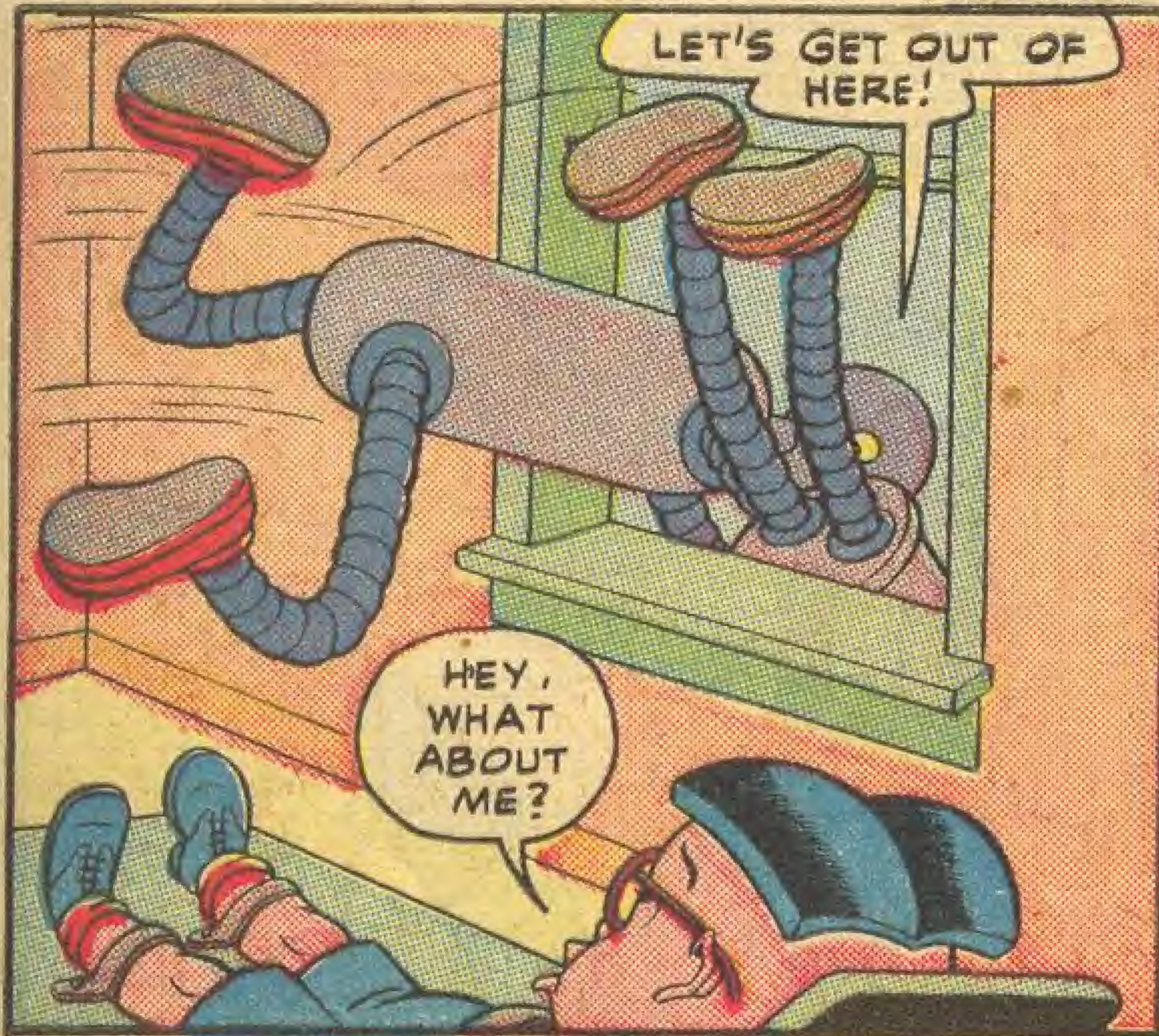


WAIT, DOC... I
FEEL A NEWS
FLASH COMING
ON!

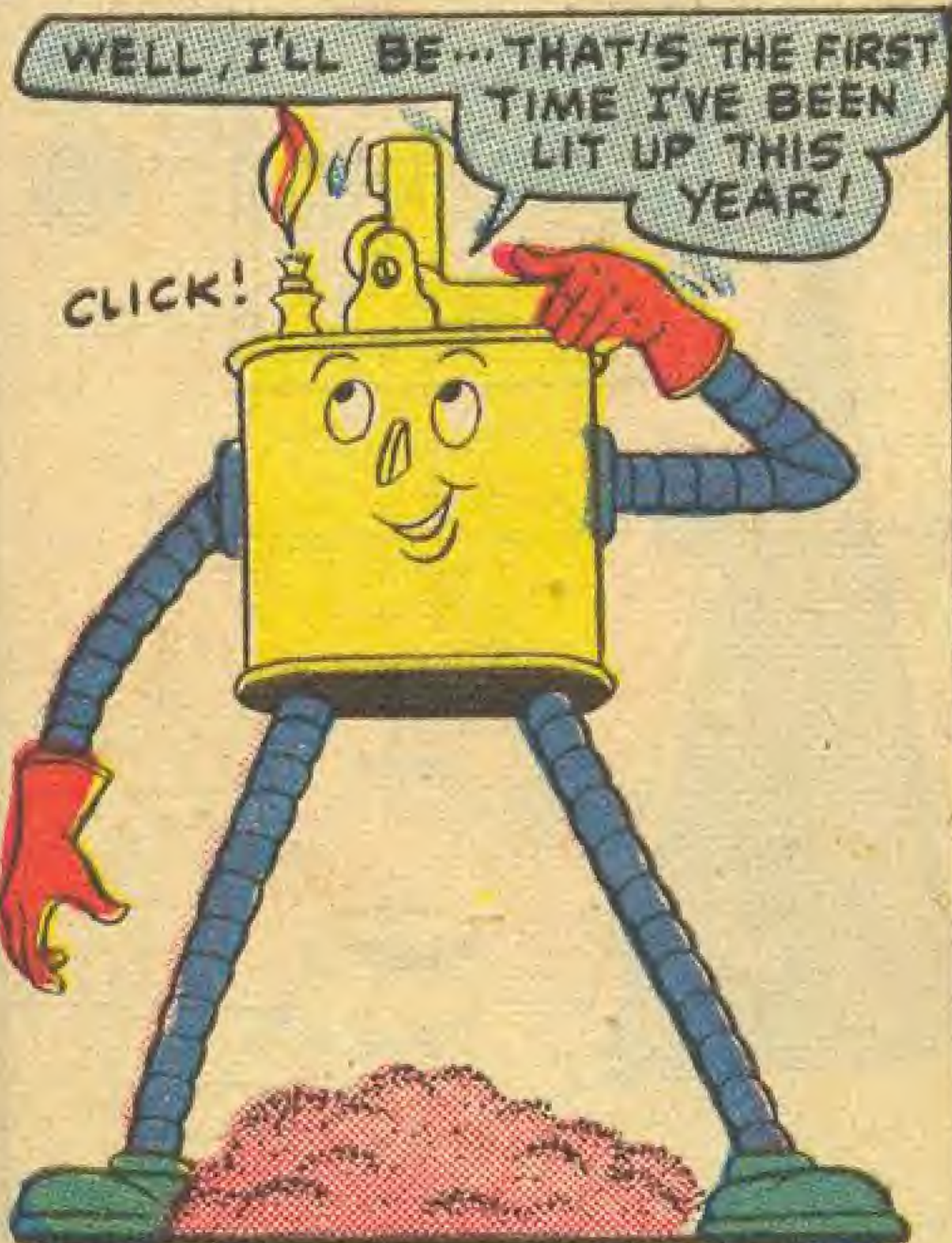
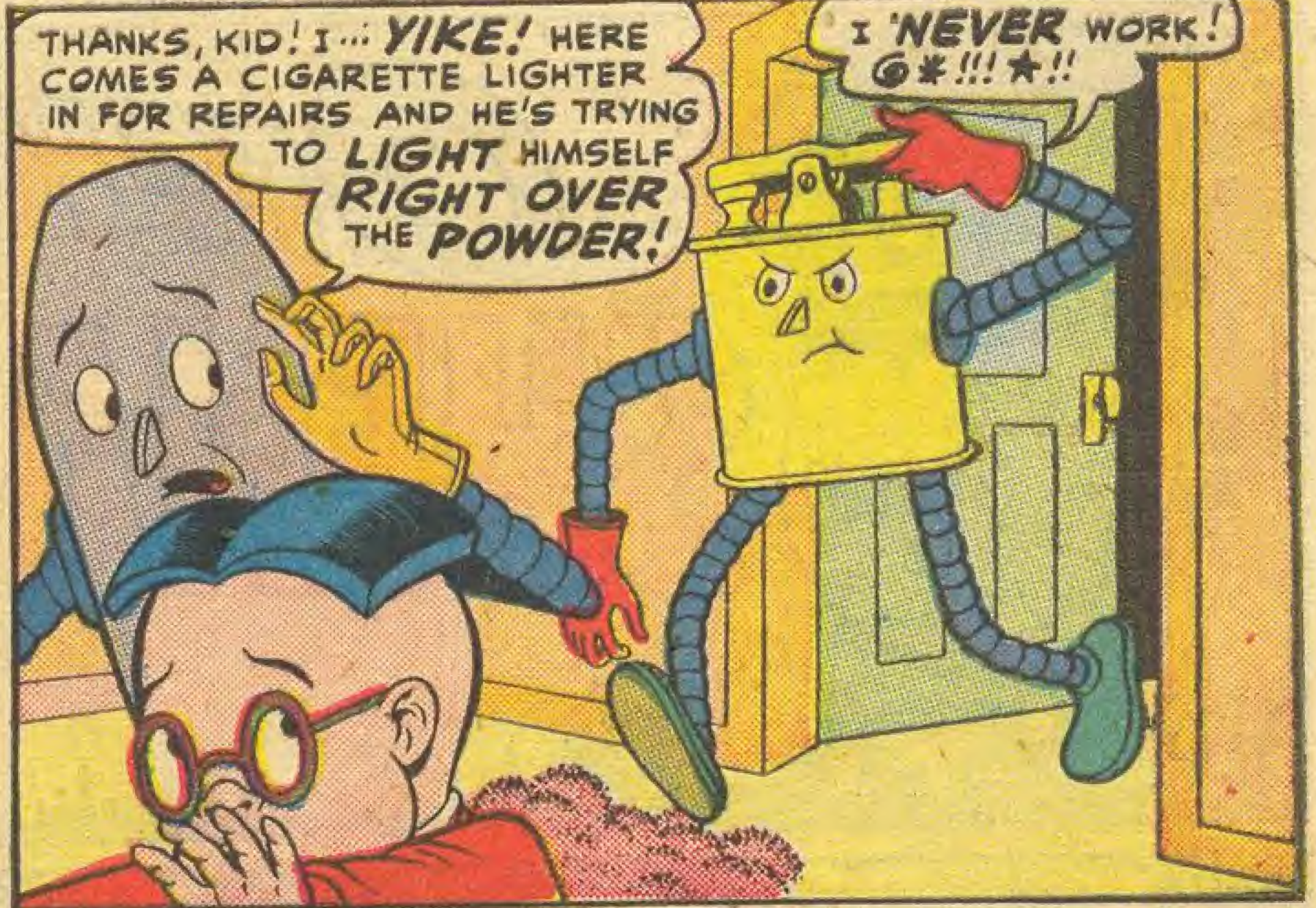
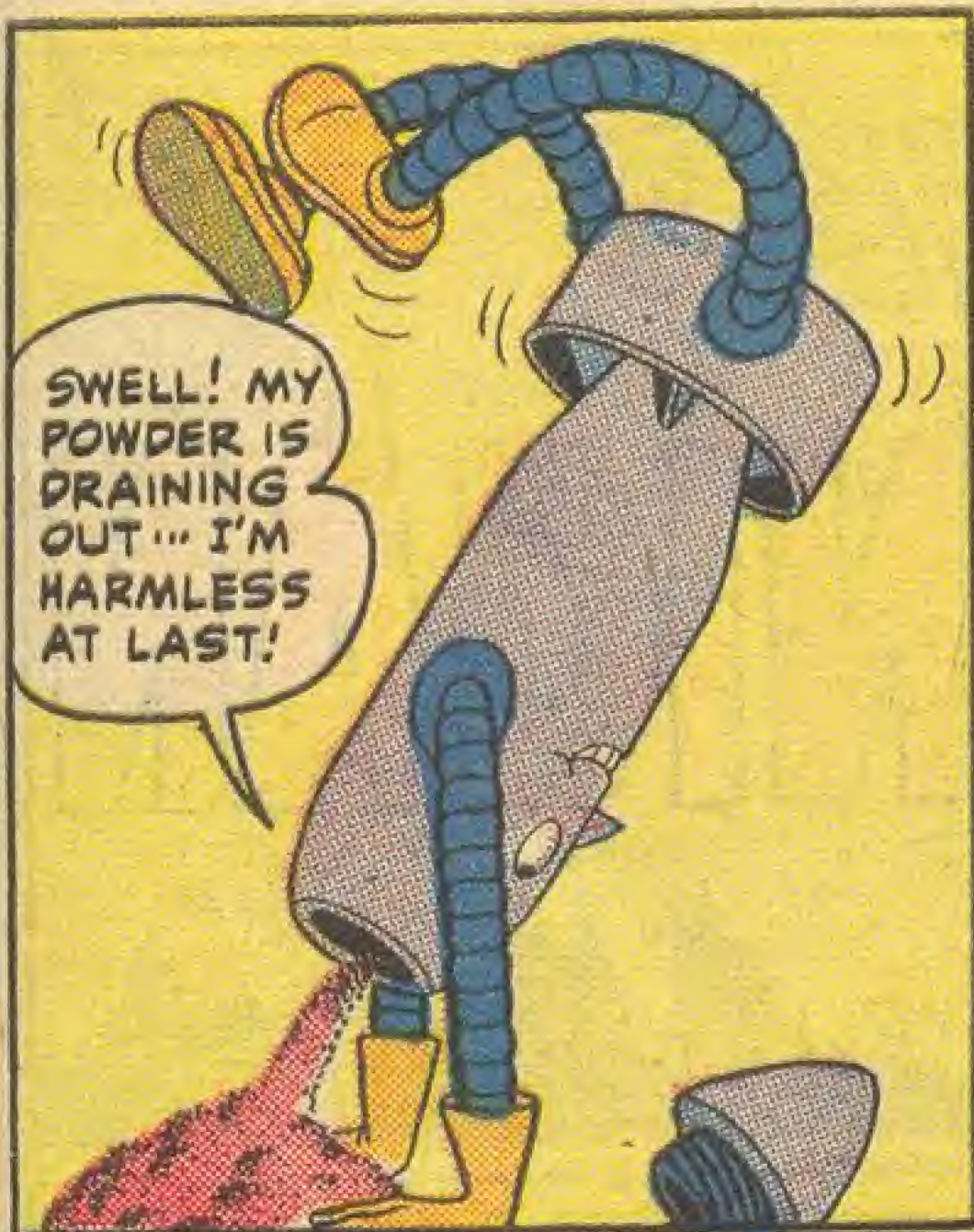
SQWA-AK! THIS IS A SPECIAL
BULLETIN... THE ATOM BOMB
WILD MAN HAS ESCAPED
FROM THE RESEARCH
LABORATORY AND WAS
LAST SEEN HEADING
TOWARD THE CITY
HOSPITAL!

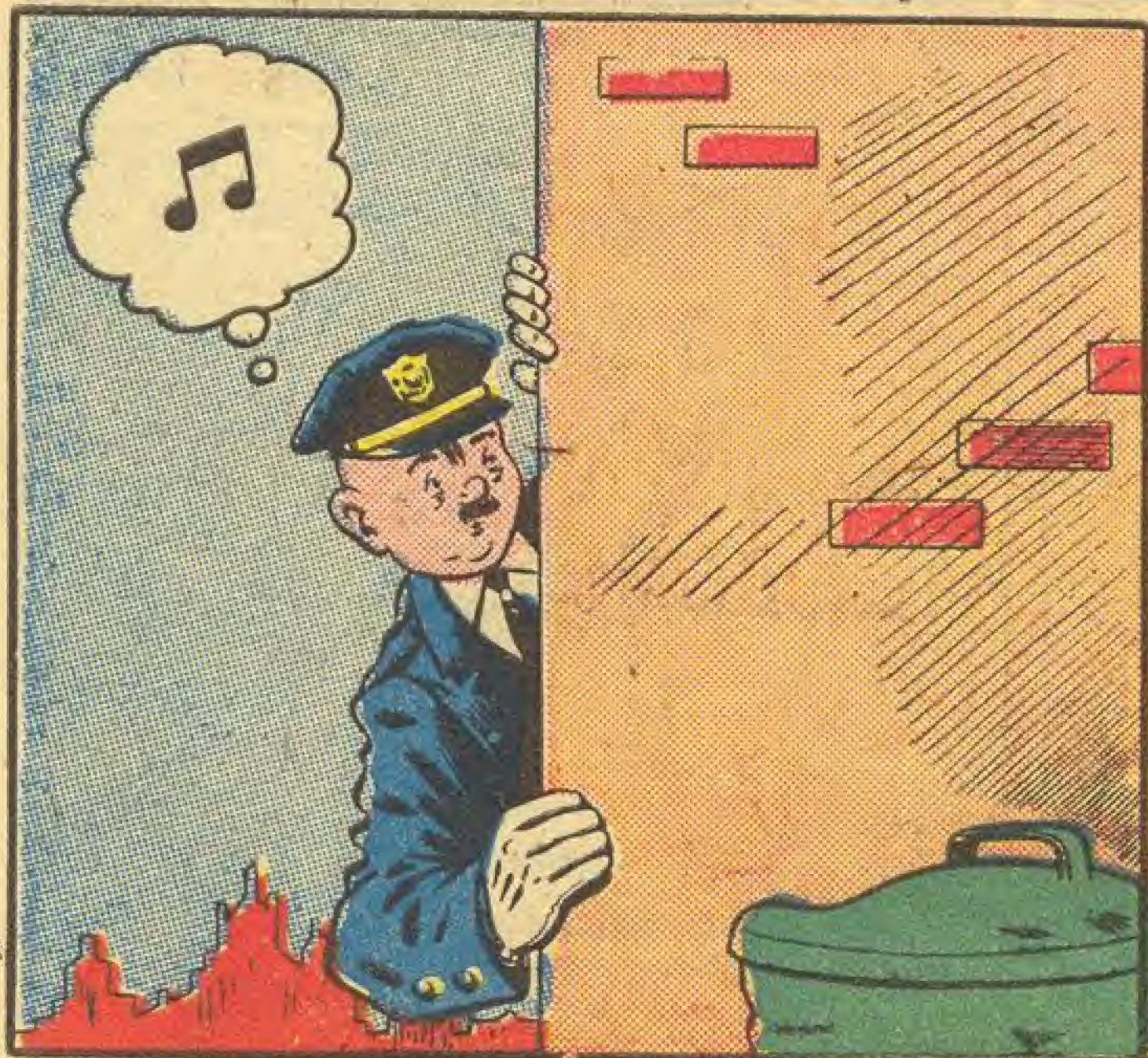
OH, MY GOSH!
THAT GUY'S
DYNAMITE!

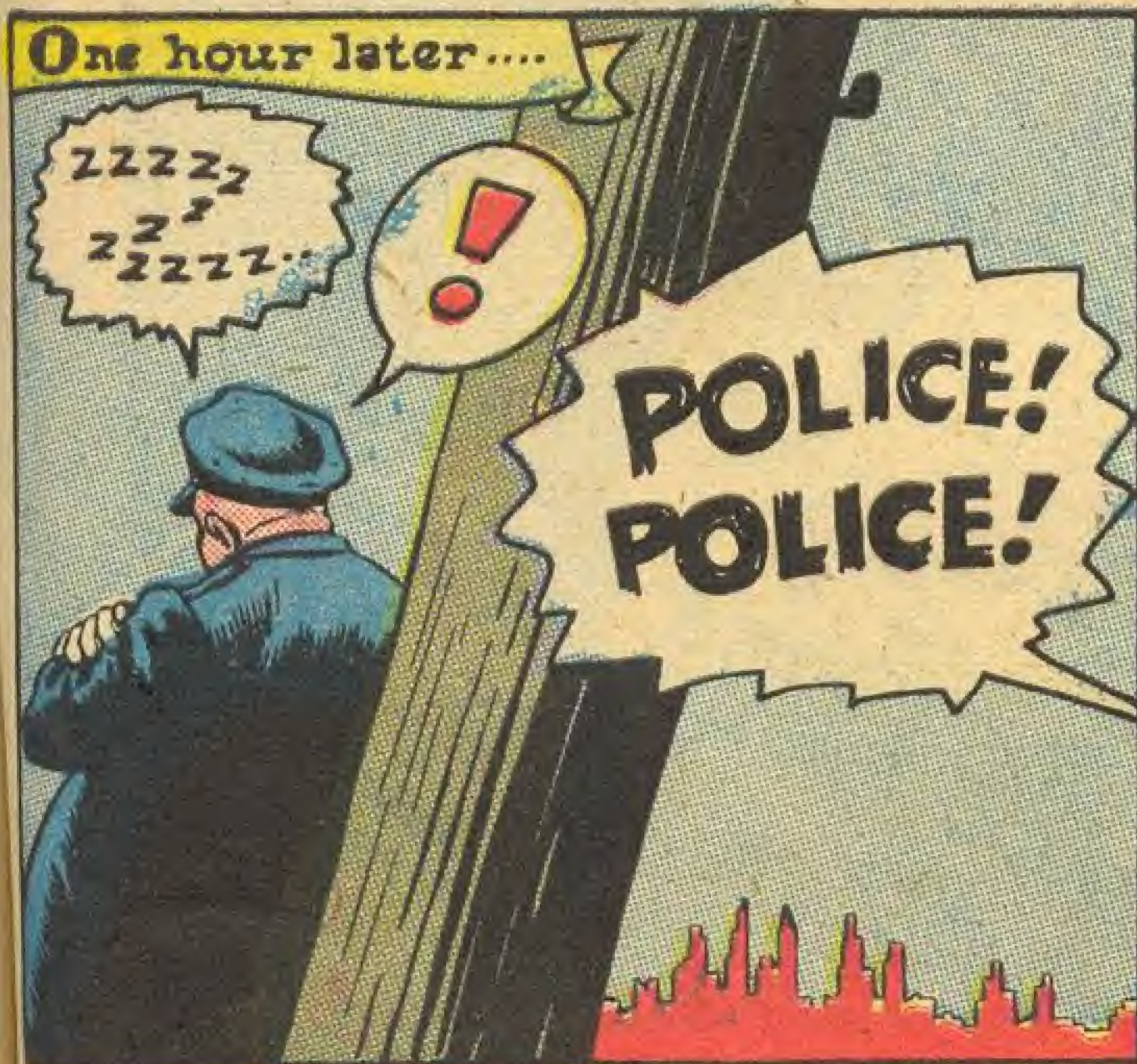


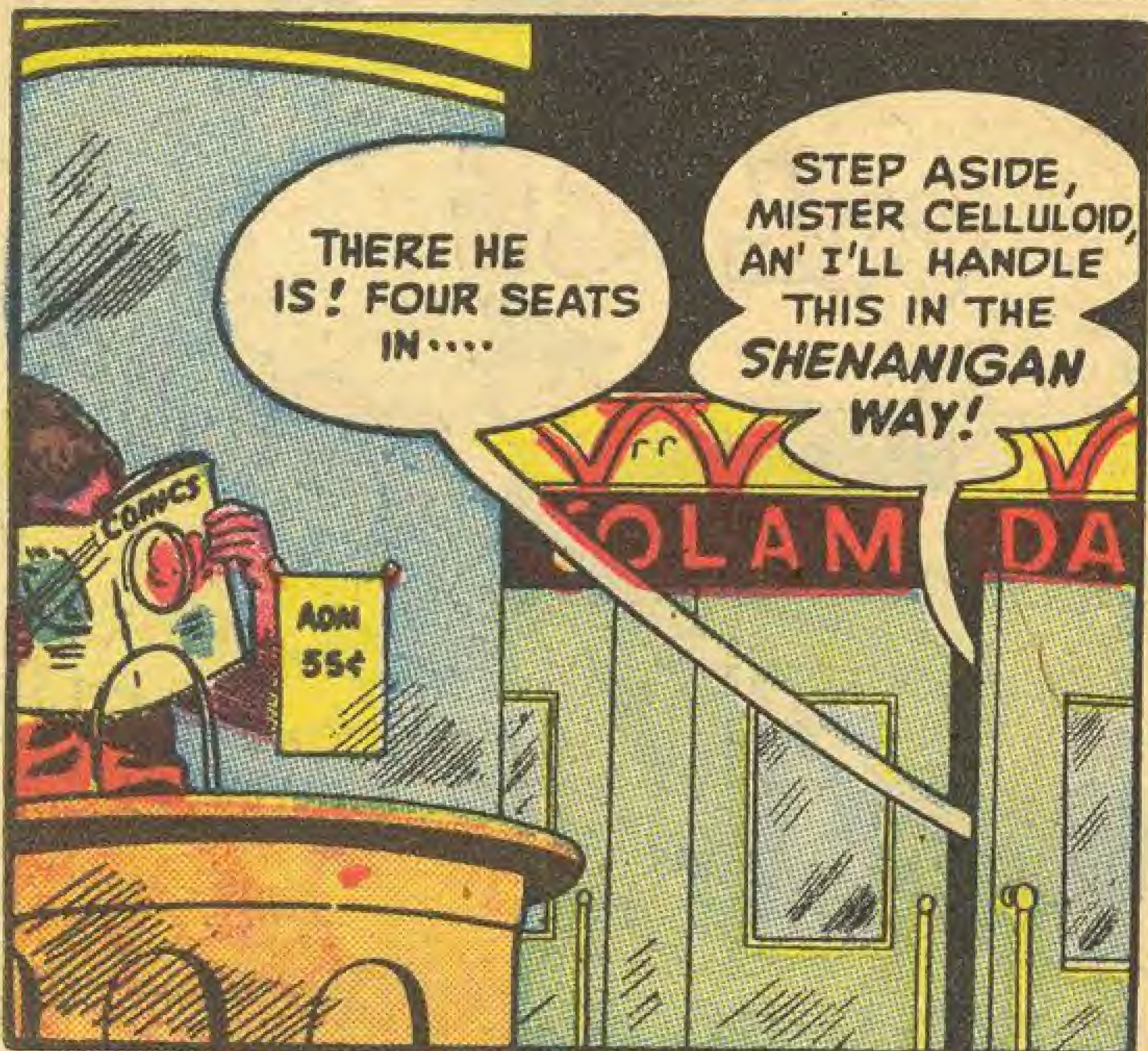


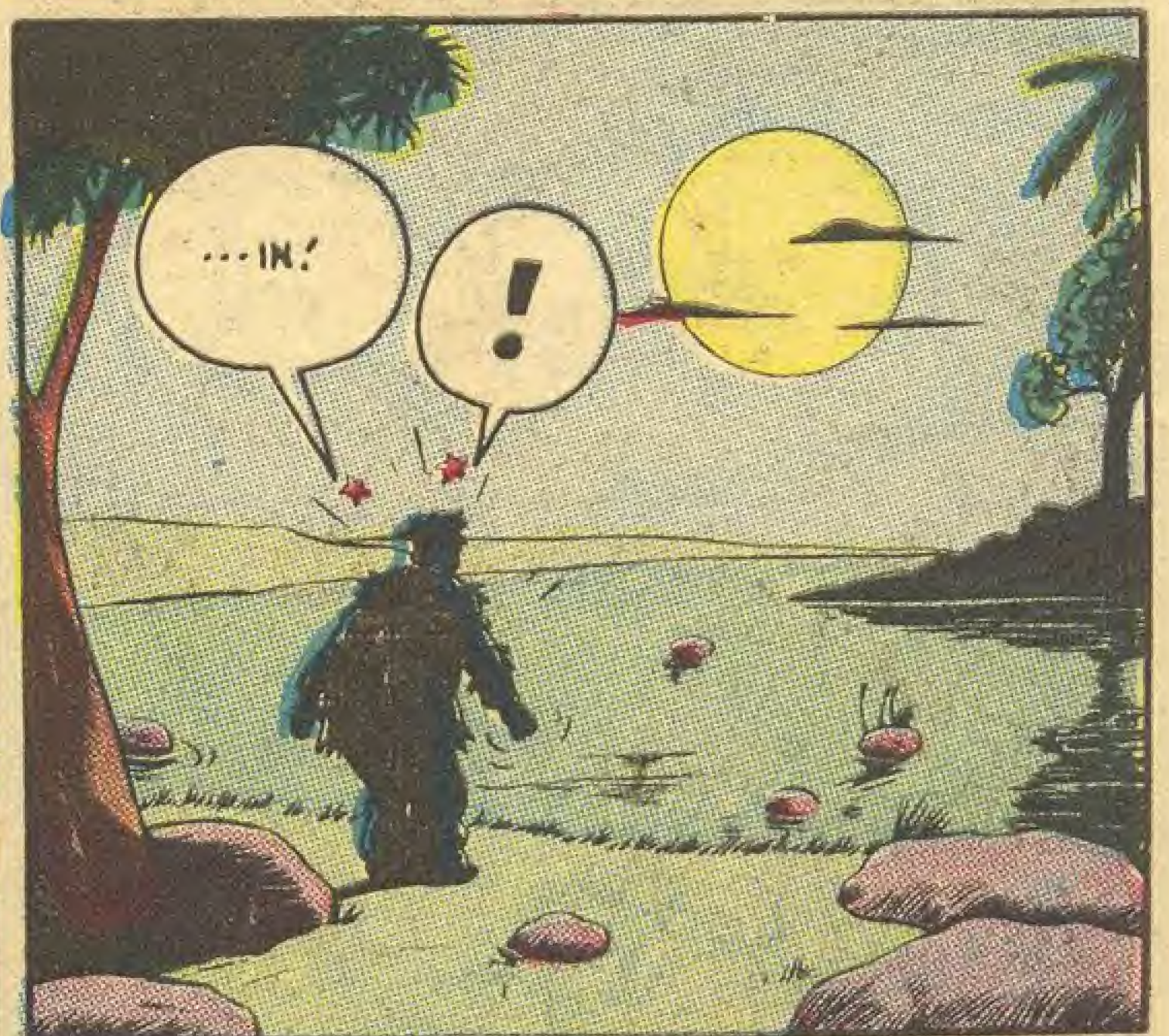
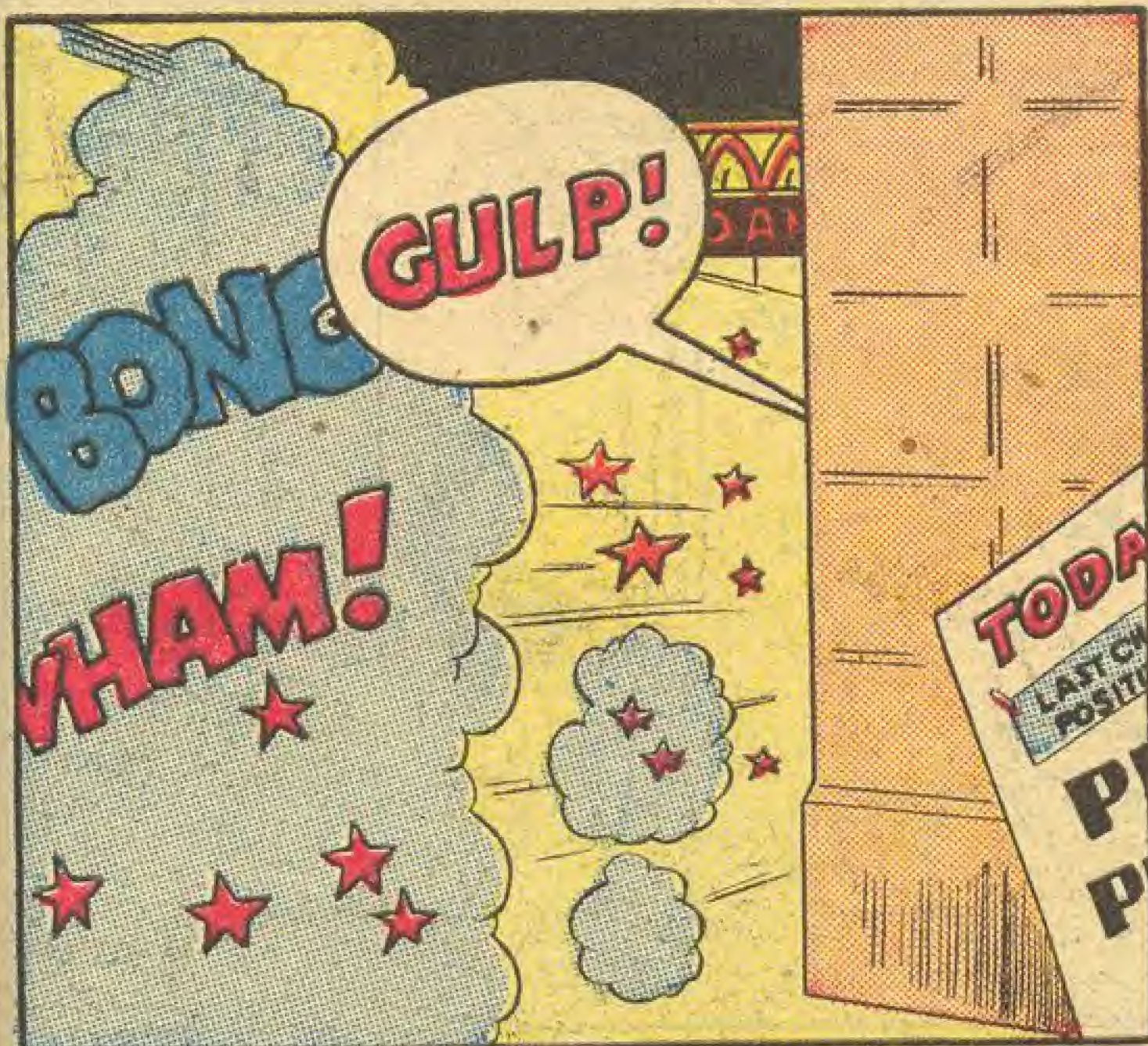
FEATURE COMICS



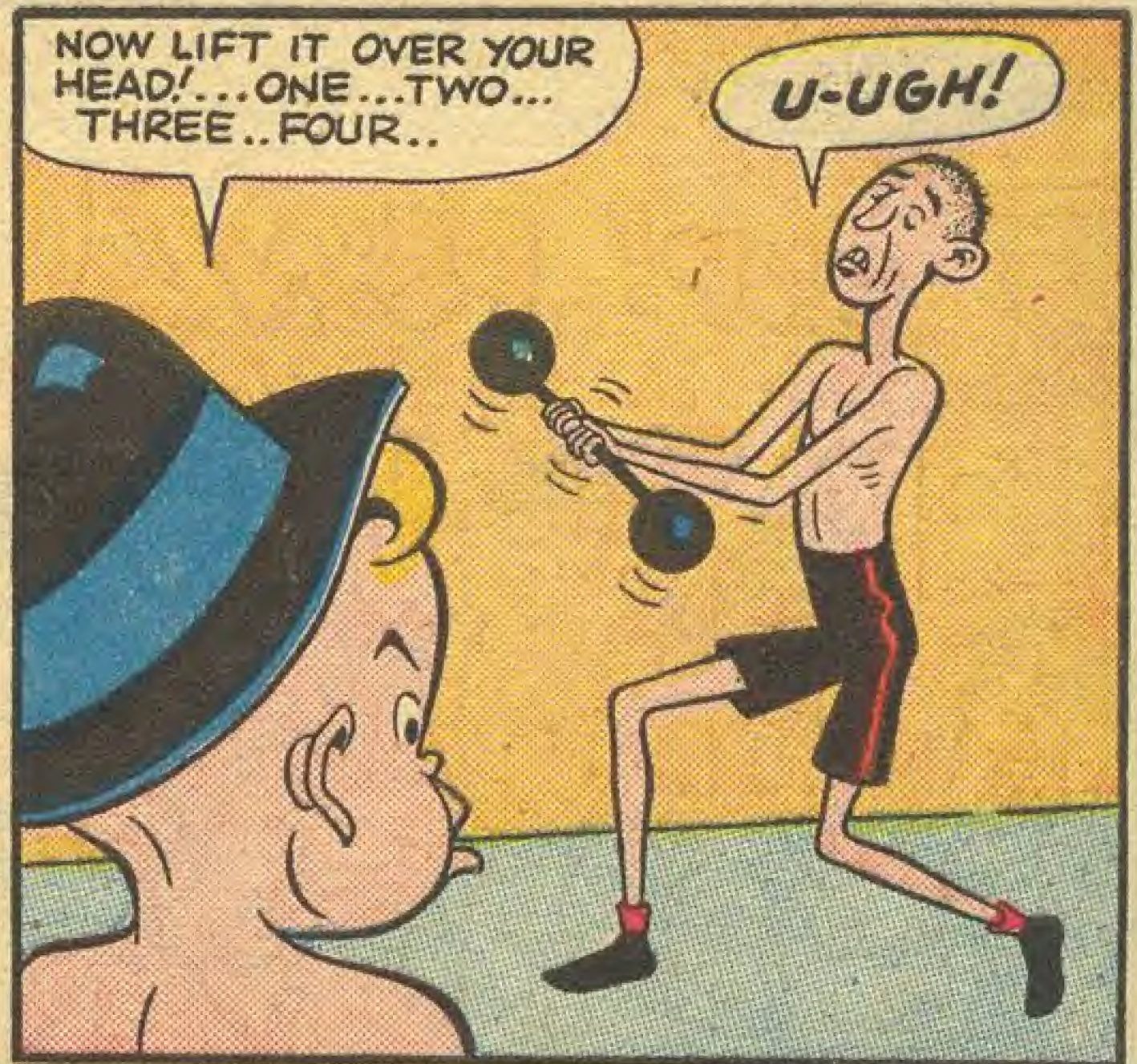
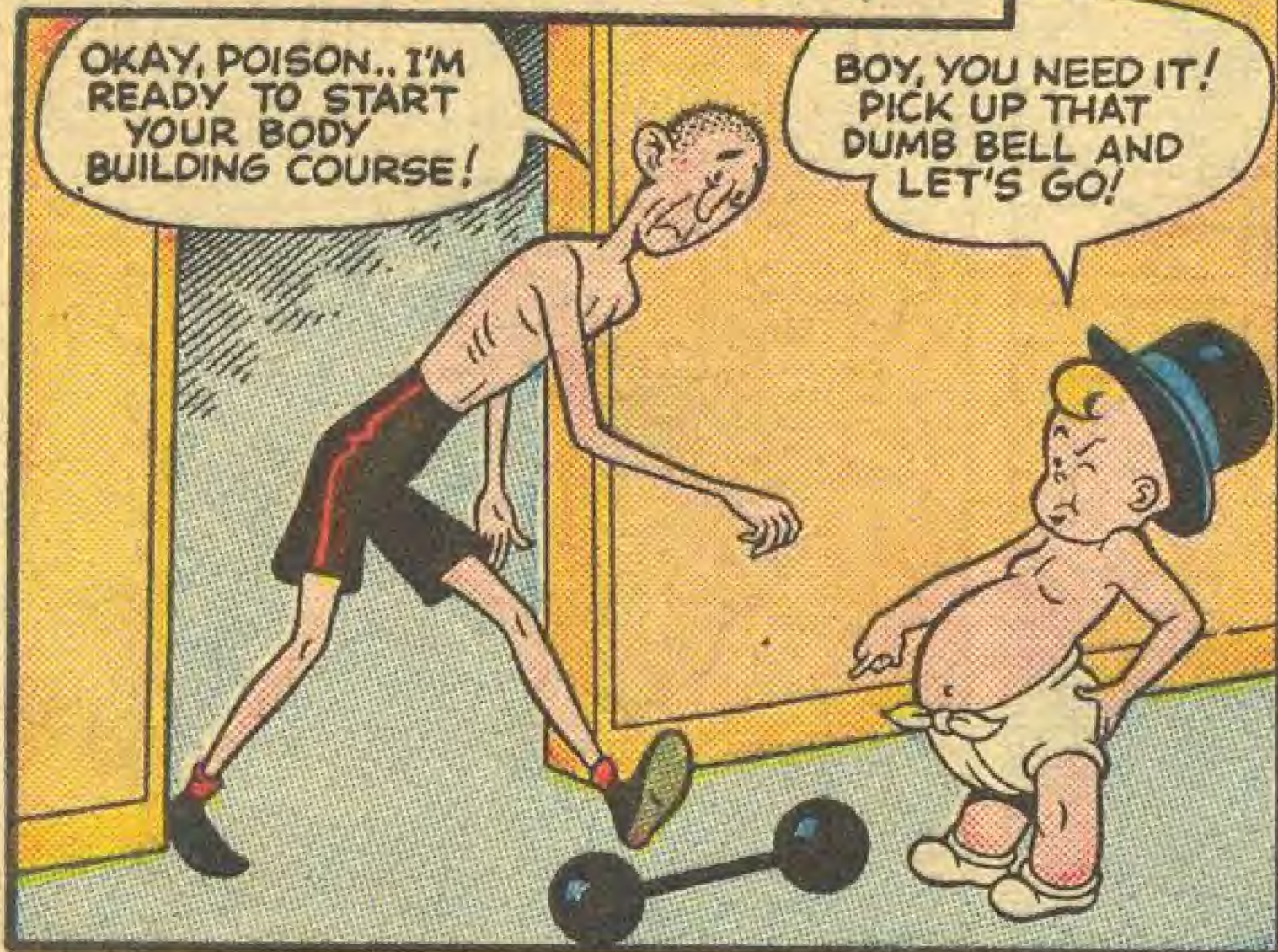




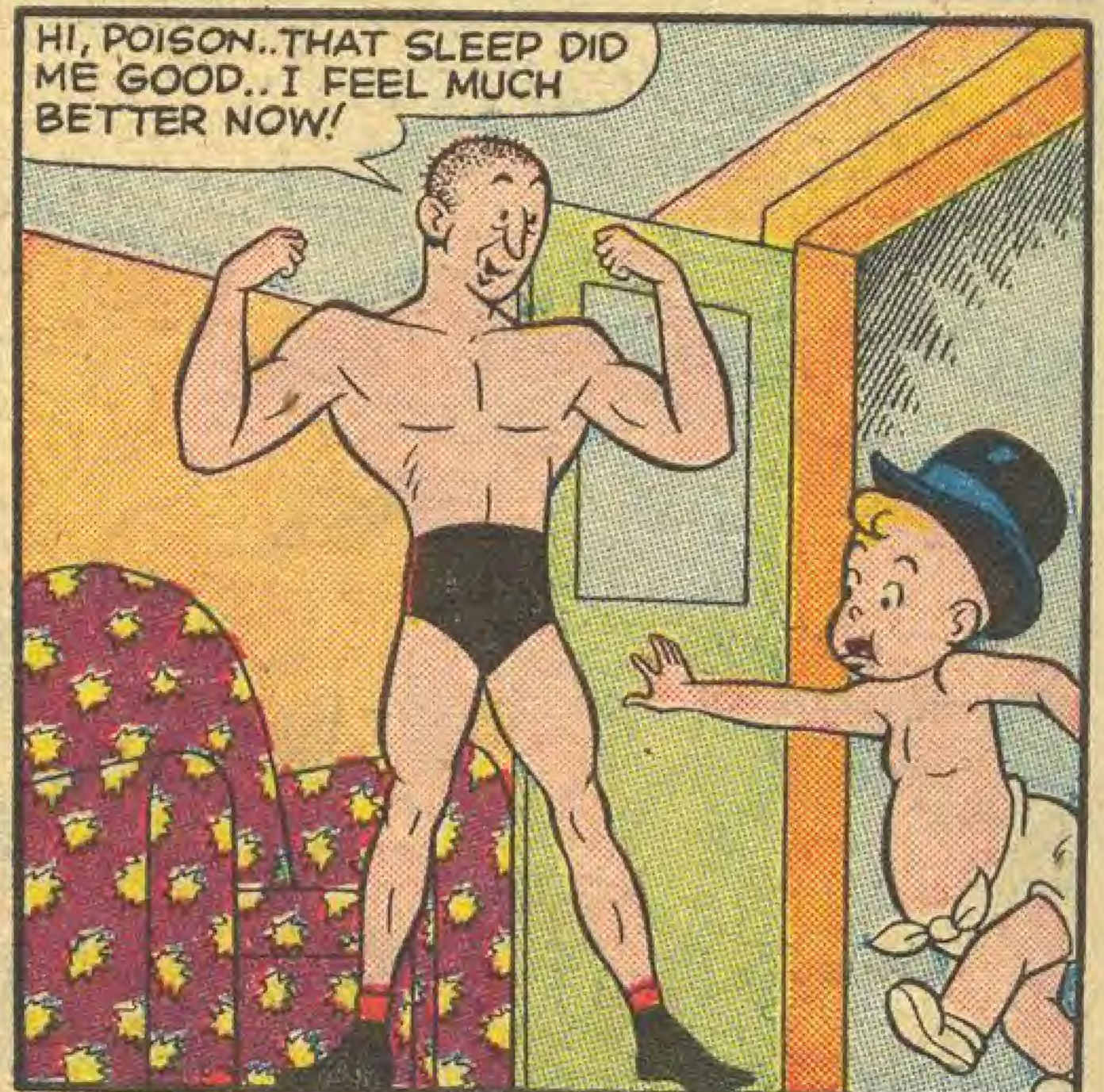
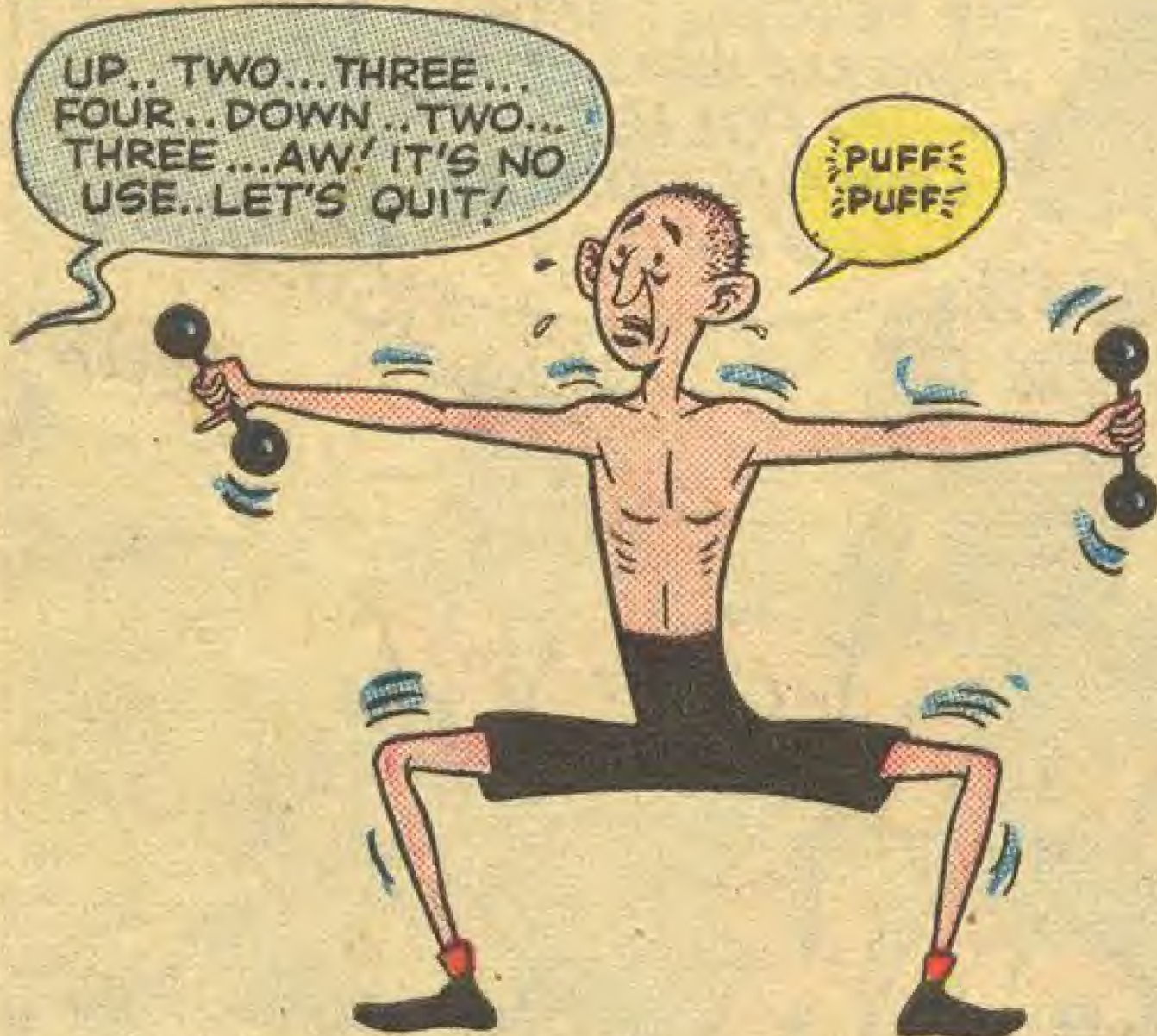




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GIRLS!**

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SUPER INDIAN
MODELS?

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SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE
MODELING KIT WITH
EVERYTHING IN IT
I NEEDED, SO....



.... I JUST PAINT THE
INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT
WITH LIQUID RUBBER
LIKE THIS!

LOOKS
EASY!



YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE
RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT
OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER
MOLD OF THE INDIAN.

WHAT
DO YOU
DO WITH
THAT?



JUST POUR MODELING
POWDER INTO IT. THEN
WHEN IT DRIES, I
REMOVE THE RUBBER.

DOES THAT
MAKE A CAST
OF THE INDIAN?



YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I
PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN
MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS
ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN
REPRODUCE ANYTHING
WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.

GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE
FUN. I'M GOING TO OR-
DER ME A KIT TODAY!



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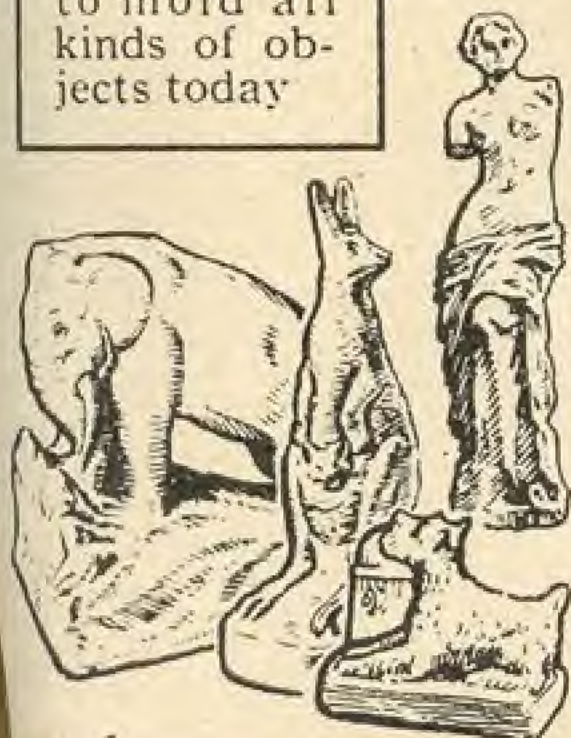
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6044 Avondale, Chicago 31, Illinois

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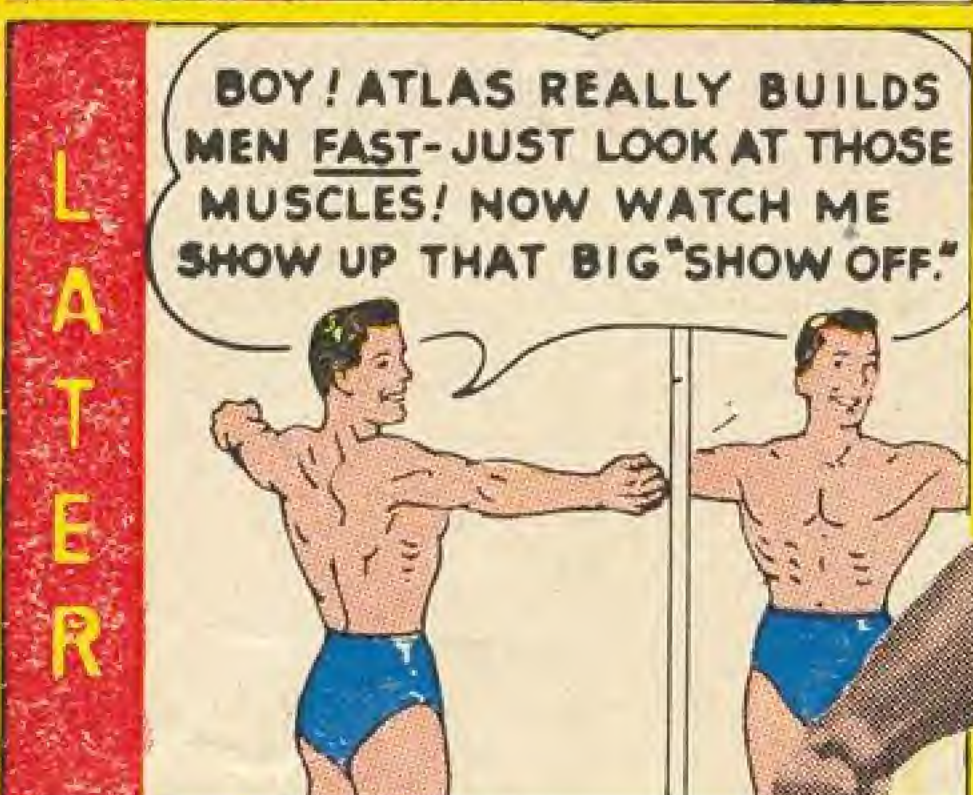
Name _____ (print plainly)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

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HOW JUST TWO WORDS TURNED MAC INTO A HE-MAN!



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I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time!

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Charles Atlas

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Name..... Age.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No. (if any)..... State.....